Southern
PARTISAN
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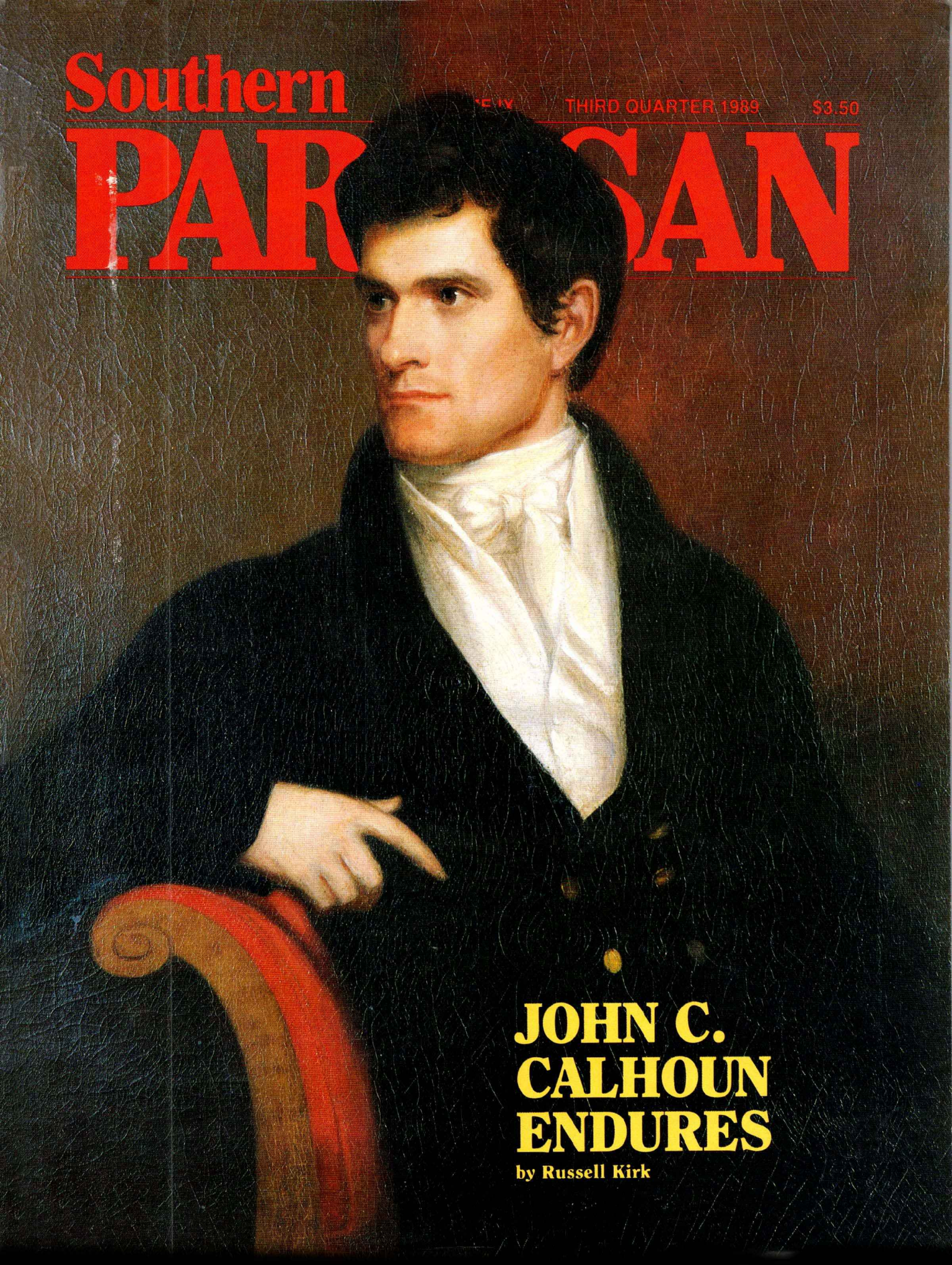
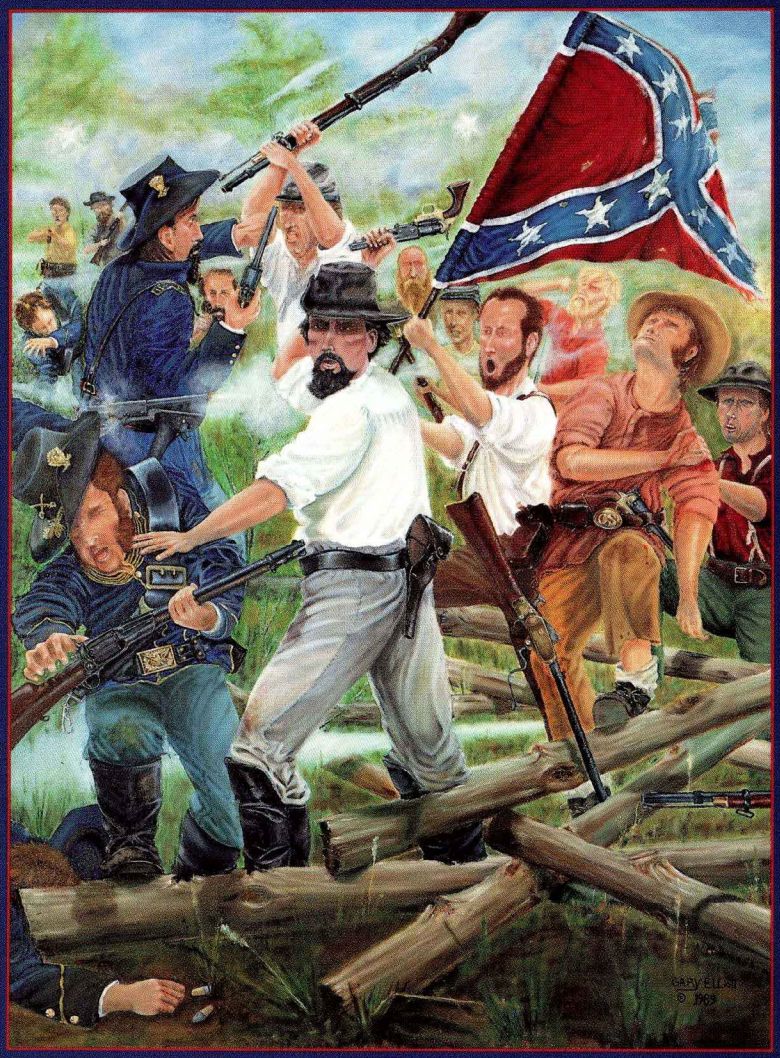


JOHN C. CALHOUN ENDURES

by Russell Kirk

"War Means Fight'en, and Fight'en Means Kill'en"



by Gary Elliott

Hollyoak House Studio is proud to present, SHADES of BUTTERNUT and GRAY: the Confederate Military Images of Historical Artist, Gary Elliott.

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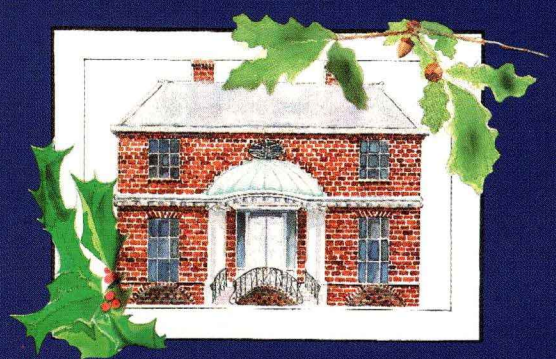

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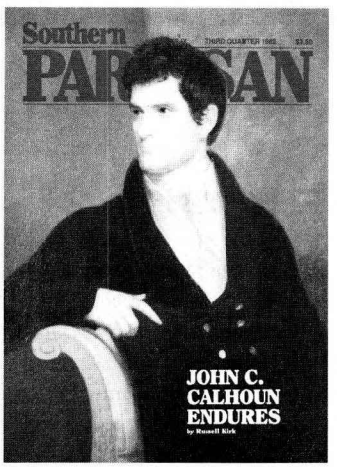

OUR COVER

20 CALHOUN ENDURES / Russell Kirk has grown impatient with Lilliputian academics who attempt to haul down the reputation of the Cast Iron Man. We invite you to enjoy the fireworks.

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Southern
PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

RAGGED REBEL FLAG

Gentlemen:

I just received my first issue of *Southern Partisan* and I must say from the second I opened the front cover I could not put it down until I reached the back cover.

In your Obiter Dicta (Winter 1989) you mentioned songs about the South. Well, Shenandoah has a new one called "Sunday in the South". One line in that song is about "a ragged Rebel flag flying high above it all."

Keep up the good work. We can't let the flag and what it stood for be lost.

Fred Sohn
Baltimore, Maryland

A PERFECT RIGHT

Gentlemen:

...I was born and raised in New Jersey and my grandfather, George Dayspring, was a veteran of the Army of the Potomac. He served in that Army for just over four years and rose from private to major. He was with the Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment and he also spent some time in Libby Prison in Richmond. He always spoke of the Southern soldier with some admiration, often saying, in his exact words, "They was fighting b------- and that's all there was to it."

I am Catholic. In grammar school, when I was a boy, we were taught, among other things, the poems of Father Abram Joseph Ryan. I still recall, and can recite if pressed hard, "The Conquered Banner," or the "Sword of Robert E. Lee."

So, as you can see, I am an unreconstructed Yankee, but one with deep admiration for the South, its mores and its culture. I also think that the South, legally, had a perfect right to secede.

Charles E. Dayspring
St. Augustine, Florida

IRRESISTIBLE

Gentlemen:

Your magazine is terrific, and so impressive that my resolution to resist further magazine subscriptions must be violated. Reading pro-Southern viewpoints was enough to quicken my pulse. And since I consider myself to be a conservative libertarian, such sensitivities were salved.

I am a transplanted Virginian and, as someone once said: " The Shenandoah courses through my veins."

Darlington M. Fadeley
Lowellville, Ohio

LONGSTREET'S DUE

Gentlemen:

I have just received my first copy of *Southern Partisan* and it was a joy to read. Isolated as I am here in the North, it was a pleasant surprise to find out there are still people around who think rationally.

...I should mention that I was a little piqued to see the constant references to Lee and Jackson, but nothing about James Longstreet throughout your magazine. It is about time someone gave the man his due. After all, it was General Lee himself who gave Longstreet command of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia and designated him second in command of the Army. Jackson has eclipsed Longstreet for far too long. Which gives me an idea for an article...

Jim Flanagan
Topsham, Maine

MORE ON DUKE

Gentlemen:

Re: Your editorial "Partisan View: The Message of David Duke" (Winter 1989)

I agree that the citizens of Metairie did not like having someone attempt to

tell them how to vote. But I think there is more to it: The people of Metairie seem to feel no guilt at all for their sin of being white. I would say David Duke's election has set the brainwashers back 20 years.

Berniece M. Christiansen
Stafford, Texas

Gentlemen:

...Being utterly disgusted by the Republican magistrates' protests over David Duke's election to a state position, and their utter hysteria, I called Republican headquarters and told them I would no longer support them but send my contribution to David Duke directly...

Daisymae L. Norman
Rocky River, Ohio

(WEST) VIRGINIA

Gentlemen:

As a West Virginia native and member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, I am in agreement with the letter from Louis Traycik (SP vol. IX) concerning the expansion of CSA TODAY to include West Virginia.

(West) Virginia deserves mention as a Southern state because it is listed as Volume II (along with Maryland) in the illustrious 1899 *Confederate Military History* . If you know this work you will see West Virginia is the only state given this honor.

The formation of West Virginia was unique and illegal. In 1863, when the formation was announced, the Democratic counties just ignored the resolution. At war's end, at least 16 counties were forced into the state of West Virginia...

Other notable facts:

1. General "Stonewall" Jackson was born in Clarksburg.
2. General John McCausland was from Mason County (the man who burned Chambersburg).
3. (West) Virginia provided app. 10,000 troops for The Cause. (The fact that after the War they wound up on the wrong side of the border was not their fault.)
4. There are more Confederate monuments in West Virginia than Union. (*The Civil War In West Virginia* by Stan Cohen.)
5. George S. Patton commanded the 22nd Va. Infantry, a Kanawha County unit.

West Virginia is still a divided state. The northern and western counties are influenced by their Ohio and Pennsylvania neighbors; the eastern and southern counties by Kentucky and Virginia.

Bill Brooks
Montgomery, Alabama

THE HALLELUJAH CROWD

Gentlemen:

Y'all aren't getting older; only better. Ludwell Johnson's cover article marks a new height for courage. Controversial? He might have gone a far sight farther—noting, for instance, that the Queen of Spain had agreed to all of America's terms two full weeks *before* the U.S. declared war; that, thanks to some daring divers who photographed the wreck of the *Lusitania* then litigated to get the classified files reopened, we now know that the Wilson cabinet sent a blockade-runner chock-a-block with contraband munitions into a war zone with hundreds of duped civilians aboard her as bait; that, thanks to various admirals and other whistle blowers, we know Pearl Harbor came as a surprise to the luckless lads aboard our ships... but not to crafty old FDR; and that the Gulf of Tonkin attack never took place. Ah! but what's a bit of murderous deceit to the Glory Hallelujah crowd?

Unfortunately, in a democracy the majority can't be counted on to rush into war at the federal government's prodding. The masses need a bloody atrocity to focus their will. And, if the would-be enemy is slow to oblige, what's wrong with our giving fate a little nudge?

R.H. Fischer
Columbia, South Carolina

NO EXEMPTIONS:

Gentlemen:
Re: Scalawag Award, Winter Issue.

Surely you didn't think you'd escape a religious argument after that little foray into theology/ecclesiology? Your readers aren't nervous Yankee cocktail-party suburbanites: We'll argue about things that matter to us. (If you must know, exactly 783.2 angels can dance on the head of a pin.)

More to the point: No good Southern Baptist, Roman Catholic, or even high-church or low-church Episcopalian Sunday School teacher would consider it "unfair" of God to grant His Grace only to those who have known and followed His Son.

If the misfortune of being born in a "heathen jungle" ...created automatic salvation for "good" people, then the Incarnation and Crucifixion were bloody, unnecessary farces.

The proverbial noble savage who bitterly complained that the missionary's preaching about Jesus had only served to put the tribesmen in danger of damnation if they now rejected the Word, must have been taught by a liberal "mainstreamer." Southern Christians, who have sent more than their share of missionaries "unto all nations" know better. And teach better.

However, your intended analogy, the distinction between scalawags and carpetbaggers, was valid. Apostates have always been considered worse that heathens, and more deserving of excommunication, or "shunning," or unfellowship, or exclusion from the Picnic Committee, or fewer Jacuzzi invitations, or whatever equivalent the modern mainstream now imposes on its undesirables.

Egon Richard Tausch
Bulverde, Texas

Editor's Note: All true. But our point regarding the professor of history at the University of Mississippi who received the Scalawag Award for saying the war was over slavery is well expressed in the scriptures: "...he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. [But] unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required..." (Luke 12:48)

HERROD UP THE CREEK

Gentlemen:

In reference to your article in the Winter Edition 1989 "Interview with Randy Herrod" there is a gross error. I was also born in Southeast Oklahoma, an area sometimes called "Little Dixie" because it was largely settled by Southerners from Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, etc.

I think Mr. Herrod will find that General Stand Watie was of Cherokee descent, not Creek. He was born in 1806 in Georgia, the son of a son of a full-blood Cherokee and half-white mother, Susanna Reese; thus he had one-fourth white blood. It is ironic that Cherokee troops formed a considerable portion of Andy Jackson's army at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend when the Creeks were defeated, yet this President was instrumental in their removal.

Mr. Herrod is correct about Southern sympathy in that area. When I was a boy there, one had better stand at attention when "Dixie" was played, or risk a clout on the head.

W.A. Nelson
Memphis, Tennessee

Gentlemen:

I have just read your "Interview with Randy Herrod," by Matthew Sandel. Your article states that he is a "military historian who has studied the War Between the States." Being from Oklahoma, I am surprised that Mr. Herrod thought Stand Watie was a Creek Indian. He was in fact a Cherokee...

The Creek Indians did, however, fight under Stand Watie. On page 191 of *Oklahoma, Its Origins and Development*, by Victor Harlow, it states: "Early in 1864 General Maxey reorganized the Confederate Indian regiments into two brigades. One, composed of Cherokees and Creeks, was placed under the command of Stand Watie, who was made a Brigadier General; the other, composed of Choctaw and Chickasaw regiments, was commanded by Colonel Tandy Walker, the former governor of the Choctaws."

Perhaps this is a small thing, but I feel that history should be kept accurate, no matter where it is used.

Almeta Allen
Marietta, Oklahoma

Gentlemen:

Reference is made in your Winter 1989 issue wherein Randy Herrod informs us that Stand Watie was a Creek Indian. Stand Watie, my great-great-great-great-uncle, was a full-blood Cherokee, as the book *Cherokee Cavaliers* by Litton and Dale illustrates.

Please print a correction so my 91-year-old grandmother, Dawes Commission Cherokee Indian original enrollee #3113, will not be obliged to come to South Carolina to set the record straight personally.

It is to be hoped that other facts in your usually excellent magazine are more carefully researched than this one.

(Miss) Rebecca L. Bane
Sallisaw, Oklahoma

Gentlemen:

Regarding your "Interview with Randy Herrod" in the 1989 Winter Issue of the Southern Partisan...I always feel a certain amount of pride and vindication when an article is written that speaks of the Indian Territory's Confederate heritage, but I think you need to ask Mr. Herrod to study the War Between the States in the Indian Nations a little harder. The Creeks *were* first-rate warriors, and fought like champions for our Cause, but Brigadier General Stand Watie was a *Cherokee*, the son of a full-blood Cherokee father named Oo-wa-tie, and a half-blood Cherokee mother named Susanna Reese. He was the commander of several units of Cherokee troops, and the Creeks were with him when he surrendered at Doaksville, I.T., in June, 1865, well after Confederate armies in the East...

Please let our Southern brothers know that we need their support in the Trans-Mississippi—but that we *will* keep up the fight, no matter what the cost!

Kent Thompson
Stonewall, Oklahoma

SOUTHERN SEXISM

...The outright sexism in [CSA TODAY, Georgia, Winter 1989] makes me see RED! Yes, I'm referring to the one which suggested putting electronic anklets on teenage girls to keep them at home, and thus, keep them from getting pregnant. Yes, it was meant to be a joke. But, let me suggest, one in very poor taste and not an innocent one. These sorts of jokes keep the more applicable forms of "sexism" alive.

What I ask myself is, why does an insensitivity to the opposite sex have to manifest itself in magazines of your type? It seems that "sexism" naturally goes along with "pride in heritage" and "heroism in war." Why???

I find the tendency of your magazine to follow this very predictable pattern both boring and offensive. And I wonder how many female readers you alienate because of this.

Sarah Fauth
Amherst, Massachusetts

Editor's Note: We devoutly hope that our humor has not alienated any ladies. As to "female readers," that is, of course, a different matter altogether.

CARTER'S FOLLY

Gentlemen:

My compliments to Tom Hoover of Granite City, Illinois for his letter in the Winter Edition listing the records of Democratic presidents with respect to "preserving the Constitution."

However, in Jimmy Carter's case, another item should be included, namely, the giveaway of the American Canal in Panama which was engineered, constructed and paid for by the American Taxpayer. It is ironic that ten years later Jimmy Carter is appointed by President Bush to head the team of observers of the election in Panama under the grip of Dictator Noriega. Now that the Panama Canal is in jeopardy, I wonder whether Carter realizes his folly...

Casper A. Dreher
Maplewood, New Jersey

PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn

Robert Penn Warren

Just as we were turning this issue over to our printer, the news came that Robert Penn Warren had died at the age of 84. In the next issue, one more qualified will comment at length on his work as a poet and novelist.

Our readers, perhaps uniquely, remember him as one of the fugitive agrarians who contributed to *I'll Take My Stand*, along with eleven of his friends at Vanderbilt University. According to press reports, Mr. Warren had lived in New England for the past thirty years, and he apparently modulated the stand he had taken at Vanderbilt. He concentrated instead on his poetry and fiction.

A few years ago, Ronald Reagan and the United States Congress recognized Mr. Warren as America's first poet laureate. To his credit, he never took the designation very seriously. Being a Southerner, "Red" Warren (as his friends called him) knew exactly where art stood, especially poetry, in the Yankee system of value. So, he turned it all into a charmingly self-deprecating joke. "There's a poet down the road," he said, mocking the politicians, "let's make him poet laureate."

Maybe his sense of humor holds a clue for us on why Robert Penn Warren drifted away from the other writers who contributed to *I'll Take My Stand*. When a sentient Southerner contemplates the wreckage of his culture and sees people who not long ago would have been regarded as half-wits rising to positions of great power, there are several possible reactions, and one of them is to laugh.

A few years ago, we consulted the men still living who had contributed either to *I'll Take My Stand* or its sequel, *Who Owns America?* We were heartened to learn that they had not fundamentally changed their minds in over fifty years, that they still possessed strong Southern sensibilities. We were unable to reach Mr. Warren, easily the most famous of them all. So we cannot report how he felt, during his last years, about his role as a young man in producing *I'll Take My Stand*.

But we can report to you that we have recently concluded an agreement with Louisiana State University Press, owners of the copy rights for *I'll Take My Stand*. I am pleased to say that we have been given permission to publish the individual essays from that famous anthology on the pages of the *Partisan*. Each essay we resurrect will be accompanied by a new introduction assessing the work.

In reproducing these historic essays, after nearly sixty years, some of the content that was timely in the 1930's will be out-of-date or out-of-fashion today. But the main lines of the essays are incredibly solid, and we expect modern readers to marvel at their prescience and their applicability to the closing years of this century.

Not one of the overnight obituaries reporting the death of Warren mentioned his association with the agrarians or *I'll Take My Stand*. But the pages of history continue to be written and American industries continue to abandon the rotting cities, seeking the stability of more rural settings, where communities still exist and labor is dependable. The warning the agrarians sounded about the dehumanizing life associated with urban America and with the metropolis is vividly repeated today on the front page of every American newspaper.

The day may yet come when Robert Penn Warren's association with *I'll Take My Stand* will be one of the most enduring sources of his legacy as a man of letters.

He began his days in the rural South and he died in a New England village. Those two extreme tips of his lifespan were connected by a consistent love of the outdoors and country ways.

In one of his last poems, written in 1985, Warren described his own death and fixed on the image of a red-tail hawk flying across the setting sun over the mountains of Kentucky. Maybe he stayed away from the South for so long because aching homesickness was the source of his gift as a writer.

Now he is free to join his English teacher John Crowe Ransom in the most poetic of all places. The two old friends will have a great deal to talk about. ✪

TRIVIUM

by Matthew Sandel

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate editor during his absence.

The Attempted Murder of a Texas Tree

If you are a Texan (and you haven't pickled your brain in Lone Star beer) then you know about the Treaty Oak. It is reputedly the very tree under which Stephen F. Austin made a covenant with the Indians, and experts say it is over 500 years old. In a state where folks are steeped in their own history and where a house built in 1916 is regarded as "historical," this particular tree is iconic. As one native son put it, "there's pretty good evidence that the Garden of Eden was located right near Elroy, Texas, and that this live oak was the Tree of Knowledge. Of course, that happened a few years before Stephen F. Austin came along."

Given that kind of reverence, you would think that folks in those parts would leave the Treaty Oak alone. At the age of 500 it didn't need to be unduly disturbed. Even trees get nervous when they pass a certain age; and the Treaty Oak—which really isn't very big—was already looking a little pale.

It was, however, still standing, casting its pied shadow on the abiding earth—the embodiment of a past still alive in the blood and bone of true Texans. People were constantly coming by to admire it. Young Texans were still getting married under its paternal branches. Good ol' boys, breathing their last in the Veterans Hospital, were still saying to themselves, "This may be the end of me, but there's still Texas and the Treaty Oak." In our time that kind of reverence for historical continuity makes some people mad. It reminds them that there is something outside their heads that is more important than their own thoughts and feelings, something that survives the ages, immitigable and grand—whether nature or Truth or God.

I don't know if the drifter accused of the crime is guilty, or if—as the *Austin-American States-man* reported—he poured Velpar around the trunk in a magic circle to cast a spell or invoke a curse. Whoever did this deed hated the very idea of Texas and community—wanted to destroy the indissoluble bond between the dead, the living, and the yet unborn. The Treaty Oak represented that bond, and the Snake, hating the tree, came slithering up and whispered in a willing ear. What the snake said went something like this:

"Look how people love that ol' tree! Don't it burn your butt? Don't you just hate all them smug, self-satisfied, church-going, Bible-reading, flag-waving, ancestor-worshipping blue-nosed snobs? They think they're better than other folks! Ain't it time to give them a little come-uppance?

"I tell you what you do. You go down to the store and buy you some Velpar. A few gallons of that stuff will wipe out what's left of the African jungle. Pour it on them roots, and you'll feel the anger cool inside you, just as if you'd jumped into a mountain stream."

That voice is so familiar that a fellow can think it's his old Daddy whispering from the grave, or else the Lord God Himself, breaking silence after a lifetime of trouble and waste. And the appeal is the same today as it was when Eve stopped under the tree and cocked her ear: it's the appeal to envy, to the "have-not" in everybody's selfish little heart.

Indeed, the voice is regarded as benevolent in twentieth-century America. "If you can't have a lot of money yourself, then don't let anybody else get rich." The Politics of Envy is downright respectable today, so how can we really condemn the guy who practices it on trees? Poisoning the Treaty Oak is the arboreal equivalent of the 95 percent tax bracket, a practice that a lot of folks would like to bring back, not because it would make the poor a little more comfortable (it wouldn't) but because it would make the rich a little less comfortable (it wouldn't).

We let all this self-righteousness loose in the 1960s, when our leadership was poor and our national confidence shaken. Mobs took to the streets, smashed cars, burned down buildings, looted, and in raucous and well-reported speeches called for the cataclysmic overthrow of the American system. When these angry avengers weren't attacking government offices and campuses, they were off listening to phony folk music, smoking dope, and fornicating. That was the popular-activist, noble-beast equivalent of poisoning the Treaty Oak.

There is nothing wrong with political reform or the elimination of injustice. Dead branches need to be pruned. But what hippies in the 1960s wanted to do was poison the entire tree, destroy a still-vital system that had served its people and the world well. Coming mostly from affluent families, wearing their stinking clothes like the uniforms of God, they had their go at America, failed, and drifted back to respectable jobs in brokerage houses (like Jerry Rubin) or else ended their lives with one last, glorious high (like Abby Hoffman).

But when any army breaks up, there are always a few stragglers, people left to wander the battlefields, unable to give up or go home, because they've already purged the idea of home from their minds and hearts. It was someone like that who poisoned the Texas Treaty Oak, and I can't help but wonder if Texas politicians like Jim Mattox and Jim Hightower really understand how much they encourage this kind of mean-spirited hatefulness in their constituency. I also wonder if they really care.

Meanwhile, experts are doing what they can to save the Treaty Oak. They are giving the tree saltwater shots. They are pouring gallons of fresh water on the surrounding earth and banking the roots with activated charcoal. They have even built screens forty feet high to protect the leaves from the hot rays of the summer sun. The tree has received about 100 get-well cards, many of them addressed simply to "Treaty Oak." Folks are worried.

As for the man who is accused of attempting to murder the tree, Sgt. Gary L. Richards of the Assault and Family Violence Unit of the Austin police put it this way: "He bought himself a trip to the penitentiary when he went after that tree...The guy could have killed two to three people in downtown Austin and just have gotten a local write up. He could have blown up a building that nobody heard of and not be in this much trouble. I bet he rues the day he decided to go at that tree."

Gee, you'd like to think so. ✪

Southern Sampler

By William F. Freehoff

ON THE 'PECULIAR INSTITUTION'

New England sold the slaves to the South, then later declared their possession immoral and confiscated the holding.
Richard M. Weaver

ON MINDS IN CONCERT

Tell him I am sure he knows well what to do.
Lee's message to Jackson on the eve of Chancellorsville, April 30, 1863

ON RECONSTRUCTION— A BLACK VIEW

When the smoke and fighting is over, the Negroes have nothing gained, the whites have nothing left, while the jackals have all the booty.
Richard Harvey Cain

ON SELF CONTROL

A man who cannot control himself cannot control others.
Albert Sidney Johnston, General, CSA

ON PRIDE OF BIRTH

The pride of birth, therefore, was like the miser's treasure, the secret of his contemplation, but never exhibited to strangers as a subject of boasting.
Sir Walter Scott

ON POLITICS

Every man a king, but no man wears a crown.
Senator Huey P. Long (D-LA)

✪

Anguished English

by Richard Lederer

a collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

When you think about it, the existence of a daily newspaper is a miracle. After all, a newspaper is an enormous product that must be manufactured from scratch every day. Even more incredible is that millions of words pour forth from the nation's presses each day, and almost every one of them is grammatically accurate. But, occasionally under the pressure of constant deadlines, an editor will goof, and the results can be hilarious, ludicrous, or macabre. Let's have a look at some irrepressible gaffes from actual newspaper and magazine articles:

- The accident occurred at Hillcrest Drive and Santa Barbara Avenue as the dead man was crossing the intersection.
- Columbia, Tennessee, which calls itself the largest outdoor mule market in the world, held a mule parade yesterday headed by the Governor.
- The bride-elect was showered with pieces of her chosen china.
- Weight Watchers will meet Tuesday at 7 pm at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use the large double door at the side entrance.
- Black Panther leader Huey Newton, terming the 1974 murder charge "strictly a fabrication," said yesterday he will testify at his trial on charges of killing a prostitute against his lawyer's advice.
- The sewer expansion project is nearing completion, but city officials are holding their breath until it is officially finished.
- The ball struck him on the right temple and knocked him cold. He was taken to Sacred Heart Hospital where X-rays of his head showed nothing.
- The ladies of the county medical society auxiliary plan to publish a cookbook. Part of the money will go to the Samaritan Hospital to purchase a stomach pump. ✪

Anguished English is published in the South by Wyrick and Co., 1A Pinckney Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402. Mr. Lederer is continually looking for more bloopers.

OBITER DICTA

OOPS

Last issue our typesetting system glitched and dropped off an entire response at the very end of our *Partisan* Conversation with Rev. Don Wildmon, the founder of the American Family Association. Most regrettable.

We had asked Rev. Wildmon if he was bothered by the many threats and the harsh criticism he regularly receives from those upon whose toes he steps in his campaign to restore traditional American values. Here is Rev. Wildmon's full response:

"It goes with the territory. I agree with Harry Truman. Those who can't stand the heat can always get out of the kitchen. Good Christians are supposed to do what Christ said. And if you do that, you are going to suffer. People like to quote the first few beatitudes, but sometimes they forget about the last one: 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.' I'm not a nut, but I consider it an honor and a privilege to suffer for the Lord."

Reductio Ad Democratium

Democratic Party leaders from the Southern states met in Charleston, South Carolina during the dog days of August this year to reflect over their diminishing fortunes and to study the results of the latest regional poll. The news was all bad.

According to unofficial word, the survey revealed "a decline in terms of Democratic Party affiliation in the South" (translation: Most Southern voters, when asked if they plan to vote for the candidates of the Democratic Party, have now added the word "hell" as a prefix to "no").

Addressing a group of long-faced donkeys, one Georgia official was moved to ask: "Do you know how many electoral votes we've won in the South since 1980?" It was not a rhetorical question; he was ready with the answer: "Twelve! Twelve in three elections. Twelve because Jimmy Carter carried Georgia in 1980." Now, in 1989, the Democrats are crying in their beer and wondering why-oh-why all this has come to pass and what they can do to turn it around.

Well, it may be too late. Ironically, the Democrats' anathamatic treatment of the Southern majority has made even the Party of Lincoln more palatable than the alternative. And so, by default, the GOP will continue to harvest votes they haven't really earned. Unless... Unless... Nah.

The "Yes" Man

The word "no" articulates the very best possible answer to quite a few questions. "Do you admire the editorials of the *New York Times?*" comes to mind as an example.

Inexplicably, therefore, columnist Tom Wicker appears to believe that he has concocted a witty insult when he refers to North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms as "Senator No" suggesting that the Senator seems always to be voting "no" on matters before the Senate (which, in our judgement, is almost always the best way to vote in Washington, a town full of supplicating toadies).

Wicker even went so far as to call Jesse Helms a "yahoo" for the Senator's proposal to deny federal funding for obscene art. Wicker seems to believe that withdrawing support from the National Endowment is a form of censorship. Maybe he doesn't understand the difference between the word "censure" (which means to express disapproval) and "censor" (which means to officially to block free exercise). Or maybe he believes the First Amendment requires us to give a federal grant to any alley rat who calls himself an artist.

Maybe. More likely Old Tom Wicker was just earning his pay as the token Southerner at the *New York Times*. Yankees have always paid a good price to Southern writers who are willing to betray the values of their native region. Old Tom is the most successful of this genre merely because he is the most obliging.

Of course Wicker is not the only harsh critic of Senator Helms. The jaybirds of the left are all agitated. *The Atlanta Constitution*, for example, has urged North Carolina to purge itself of Jesse Helms and political cartoonist Oliphant has drawn Jesse dressed up in Victorian drag over the caption: "Hail the New Victoria."

Helms continues to be the favorite target of the establishment press. And we continue to admire him for being the last uncompromised politician in Washington. They all back down, even the good ones—all except Jesse.

Defending his bill to withdraw federal support for obscene art (like the work of Andres Serrano, which depicts a plastic crucifix submerged in the artist's urine, reported in the last *Partisan*) Helms made a simple statement on the floor of the Senate: "No artist," he said, "has claim on the tax dollars of the American people to put forward such trash."

Hail, Senator No. And God protect him from all those Yes men.

Travis-ty

A *Partisan* reader from Houston sends us bad news from Texas: Early this summer, the school board of Bryan, Texas refused to name a new elementary school for William Travis, the martyred hero of the Alamo, and decided instead to name the school for an emancipated female slave. The reasons they gave were specific. Travis, they said has a "flawed character."

Most righteously they criticized Travis for having defended slavery and, on one known occasion, for having bought and sold a slave.

One school board member, Wendy Costa (a Connecticut native) issued the most officious statement. "I think heroes are like wine," she said. "They have to stand the test of time and I think Travis has not." She was comparing him, we suppose, to those fabled heroes from the history of Connecticut, like...well, the nomenclature

Lee Atwater, The Confederate Flag AND ... What Really Happened In Nashville

Editor's Note:

During the middle of June, Young Republicans from all over the country gathered in Nashville for a meeting. Some of the Southerners present brought their Confederate Battle Flags with them, as they always do (bless 'em) when given an opportunity to wave banners.

The guest speaker was political guru Lee Atwater, who is national Chairman of the Republican Party (and who is making a strong pitch to attract black voters to the GOP). Later that day, the convention hall was awash with rumors that immediately following his convention speech Atwater had criticized the flag wavers during an interview he gave on WLAC radio. Rumor had it that Atwater had agreed that the Battle Flag was offensive and should not be displayed. Subsequently, the story spread like wildfire to all parts of the country, and we have received a remarkable number of letters strongly criticizing Mr. Atwater for his comments about the Flag.

What exactly did he say? And what is his view of the Flag? We decided to go directly to the source, since some of our editors are acquainted with Mr. Atwater personally, to find out.

First of all, he did not say that he thought the Flag was offensive. The Partisan obtained a tape of the interview. Here (exactly) is his response:

I personally do not think that the Confederate Flag has racial connotations. But I also know that a lot of people do feel that way. So, it's best to keep it in your home, if it means that much to you.

To be sure, such a cryptic statement calls out for clarification. So we asked the GOP Chairman please to explain himself. Here is his response.

I was distressed to hear that my comments about the Confederate Flag were misinterpreted by some people. I appreciate *The Southern Partisan* giving me the opportunity to explain the situation.

Even though I live in Washington, the South is and always will be my home. I was born in the South and lived there for thirty years until I came to Washington to work for President Reagan. My conservative philosophy has its roots in personal freedom and limited government. Like all good Southerners, I take my heritage very seriously.

While the Young Republicans were meeting in Nashville, a reporter asked me whether I thought waving the Confederate Flag at the convention would damage the Party's effort to attract black voters. I told that reporter that I did *not* regard the Confederate Flag as a symbol of racism or prejudice. To me, the Flag represents the whole cloth of Southern history—with its rich heritage and spirit of independence. But I also understand, and acknowledged to that reporter, that some people have a different view of what the flag represents. Even if we do not agree with that view, sometimes the perception is accepted and we need to be sensitive to the feelings of others. Politeness is an important Southern quality, too, and Southerners have always understood the meaning of decorum and politeness and proper time and place for all things. Those were the considerations I had in mind when I made my comments in Nashville.

Lee Atwater in the 1980 Campaign

In no way did I mean to offend anyone. The editors of *The Southern Partisan* once presented me with a large color portrait of Stonewall Jackson, one of my personal heroes. That portrait hangs prominently in my office, where I can look up from my desk and get inspiration.

My values were born in the South. I have taken a lead role in bringing those values to the Republican Party and to the nation. There is no question that the heritage and values we all learned during our Southern upbringing are best represented by the Republican Party and its candidates, and I'm proud of my heritage and my party.

—Lee Atwater
Washington, D.C.

eludes us for the moment. At any rate, Costa and other board members, dropped Travis for historical reasons, and they based their insights into history on an anti-Travis report from Professor Walter Buenger, who teaches at Texas A&M University.

Well, what Professor Buenger apparently did not tell the school board is that Travis defended slavery in the early 1830's (he died at the Alamo in 1836) at a time when slavery was accepted as an unpleasant feature of the natural order by most Americans, including distinguished jurists on the United States Supreme Court as late as 1856 in the *Dred Scott* case. How fair is it, therefore, to hold a player in history to moral standards other than those which governed his time?

Now, Professor Buenger, if you really want to talk tough about heroes with flawed character, may we suggest that you examine the life-style of Martin Luther King? We shall await your recommendations.

*Abyss*mally Rude

If you haven't yet seen the movie *The Abyss*, don't go. Or, at least wait until it

comes to TV, so that your dollars will not enrich the ingrates who produced the film.

This is not a critical review of the movie, which we understand is passably entertaining—a kind of Dr. Strangelove meets E.T. underwater. But the people who made the movie sank to a new low in manners, even for Yanks. Here is the story:

To film his underwater adventure, Director John Cameron received permission from the State of South Carolina and the Town of Gaffney within that state to flood the containment building of an abandoned nuclear reactor. When all the celebrities, technicians, gaffers, best boys, etc. began swarming in, the little town turned itself upside down to be hospitable. Meals were delivered, accommodations arranged and all the welcome mats on thresholds around town were dusted off. This was a big deal for Gaffney.

Well, now the movie has been made. All the equipment, all the technicians and all the celebrities are gone—back to New York or Los Angeles or wherever they came from—all just a memory to be talked about quietly on the front porch at night while the crickets chirp.

But newspapers are delivered, even to remote locations like Gaffney, South Carolina. And what news does the entertainment section of the paper bring? *The Abyss* director and his stars are promoting the film. Laughing, Cameron called Gaffney an "utter cultural wasteland" and claimed it would have been more interesting to film in Tibet. Then one of the actresses chimed in: "...any place where the government would install a nuclear reactor is in their minds pretty expendable."

Indeed. Maybe next time they will go to Tibet. Better still, they can go straight to ...no, we won't say it. That wouldn't be nice.

The thing to remember about hospitality is that we extend it not because it is deserved, but because it is a natural way for those who have a generous nature and a faith in the ways of their fathers to express themselves. We hope that the people of Gaffney, even though they got their feelings hurt, will continue to be nice to strangers. Just be sure to keep your nice things locked up.

Klanwatch

In our last issue we suggested, rather unscientifically, our belief that yankee media types had exaggerated the pervasiveness of the KKK in Southern society—both now and in recent memory. Well, it turns out we were right.

According to a group called Klanwatch (quoted in *USA Today*) there are, at the present time, no more than 5,000 members of the KKK scattered all over the country—that's an average of about 100 per state—and those members are split into 34 factions, each holding a different set of opinions.

Still, screenwriters and other muckrakers will continue to see a Klansman under every azalea bush and a sheet in every Southern closet. Stereotypes die hard. Especially when they sell movie tickets.

Spike Lee

Have you seen *Do the Right Thing?* It is an ugly, violent, profane and depressing movie about racial attitudes, tension and violence in the urban North (for all those reasons, we do not recommend it.)

There is one fascinating footnote to the story of this movie— and that is the ambivalent critical reaction to it from fashionable writers in New York and Chicago who are usually quick to ladle heavy praise on any film that dramatizes the ugliness of racism. Half of the critics were disgusted by the movie; hated it; accused the (black) director, Spike Lee, of needlessly stirring the pot of racial hatred.

Certain other movie critics gave Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing* high marks for boldly exposing persistent problems of "racism in America." That's right. The emphasis among the favorable reviewers was racism in *America*—not racism in New York City or Chicago or Philadelphia. They chose to look at the film's indictment as a generic statement on racism everywhere.

What all this means is clear. The Yankee media establishment can recognize only two types of domestic racism: first (and always preferably) Southern racism or else a vague, universal, everywhere-everybody racism that resembles the theological concept of original sin—something bad that binds us all.

You will never find a specific acknowledgment of racism unique to the urban blight of big city life, where blacks and other dark-skinned minorities are starving in ghettos, where murder and brutality are too commonplace even to investigate, where drugs and gang violence are a way of life and where dangerous children stare with hardened eyes.

Those millions of ghetto dwellers are segregated more totally than under any system the South ever conceived. Apartheid lives, not just in Johannesburg, but in Harlem and Chicago's east side. But where are the voices of reform? Why does not the *New York Times* give us moral leadership and call for the bussing of Harlem children to the fashionable white suburbs of New York? Why do not the politicians fund equal housing projects adjacent to posh uptown addresses?

Because...well, you just have to understand the rules. The eyes of the crusader are fixed on things far away, on the evil down South or some other distant place where the infidels lurk. The grapes of wrath are never stored in your own backyard. Yankee reformers are far more worried about those civil rights workers who were killed just a couple of decades ago down in Mississippi or the plight of those poor migrant workers in Texas or, even better, that shameless white government in South Africa.

So, the *New York Times* will continue to worry about moral rectitude in the South. And the big city slums will continue to fester until the "wilding" mentality seizes a mob large enough to storm the gates of Trump Plaza.

Poor Ol' Al

You almost have to feel sorry for the Rev. Al Sharpton. Life is tough for black leaders in New York City. Everybody keeps punching and kicking the poor fellow. And he suffers too in far more subtle ways.

The next time you read about Al Sharpton in your favorite newspaper or news magazine, notice the little phrase that reporters attach to his name. He is called "a racial activist." On the other hand, down South, every black who ever led a march or a boycott or tossed a brick at a policeman is called "a civil rights worker." Por Ol' Al. He's marching on the wrong turf.

*Sear*ing Wit

For a while, the behemoth Sears Robuck of Chicago contemplated moving its Chicago headquarters to Charlotte, North Carolina. All the Tarheel bankers, investors and real estate types began immediately to salivate. But the real people of Charlotte were not all that thrilled over the prospect, especially when news leaked out that Sears executives in Chicago were cir-

culating a bogus questionnaire among their employees. The questions included:

Do you own any shoes, if so, how many? Have you ever had more than one bath per week? What is your neck shade? What is your favorite recreation: Possum Hunt, Spittin' Backy, Gospel Singing, Drankin' or Craw Daddin'?

In retaliation the *Charlotte Observer* released an open questionnaire to the Sears employees of Chicago, which included these questions:

What are your hobbies (check all that apply): Murder, Multiple Murder, Maiming then Murder, Screaming at Strangers, Murdering Strangers, Rioting (political), Rioting (racial)? Please provide your machine gun registration number, Total Weekly Extortion Payments and Aliases Most Frequently Used.

Sears opted not to come to Charlotte. No one in Charlotte appeared to be shedding tears. Except maybe the bankers, but they'll get over it.

The Core of the Big Apple

The New York State Task Force on Education has recently concluded that New York has two distinct public school systems, one that is white and affluent and the other that is Black and Hispanic. The task force referred to this as "a divided position."

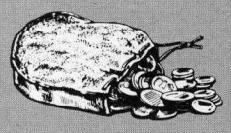
If it happens down South, it's called segregation. But in New York, you see, it's just a kind of "divided position." Nothing really to get worked up about— certainly not evil. Oh yes, they'll try to do better, at their own pace. These things can't be rushed you know.

Are there no limits to hypocrisy? Public schools in the South were forcibly desegregated 25 years ago. Federal marshals came in; federal registrars took over the election process; harsh laws were enacted and enforced at gunpoint. The fire of Hell rained down on the Southern people until they were ashamed and actually began to believe they were more wicked than other people. After all, if you hear it on the national news every night, then it must be true.

Well, it's not true. If segregation is evil, then it is and always has been a national evil. Southerners are not, nor have they ever been, any more racist than other people from other places (indeed the South is the only part of the country where blacks and whites, in significant numbers, have lived closely together in relative harmony).

"Institutional racism" may be indeed a problem in America. Much of it will be resolved, however, if we address the deeper problem of institutional hypocrisy. It's time for the South to be released from the double standard. But whether or not the Yankees release us, we need to release ourselves. ✪

Scalawag Award



Millions of Americans have visited Stone Mountain in Georgia, where colossal images of General Lee, General Jackson and President Davis appear as mythic giants on horseback galloping across the heavens.

Once upon a time, the full and proper name of the mountain side and surrounding area was Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial. Today it is simply called Stone Mountain Park. And it has recently become so commercialized, with laser light shows, waterslides and resort hotels, that some Georgians have sarcastically suggested that it should be renamed Six Flags Over Stone Mountain.

But let's go back to 1917, to the original resolution of the Georgia State Legislature creating Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial. Samuel H. Venable, Mrs. Robert Venable Roper and Mrs. Coribel Venable Kellogg donated —and here we begin the actual wording of the resolution...

"...a large portion of what is known as Stone Mountain, the largest plain of granite in the world, for the purpose of having carved thereon a colossal statute as a memorial to the Confederacy; which, when completed, will be the only monument in the world dedicated to a cause..."

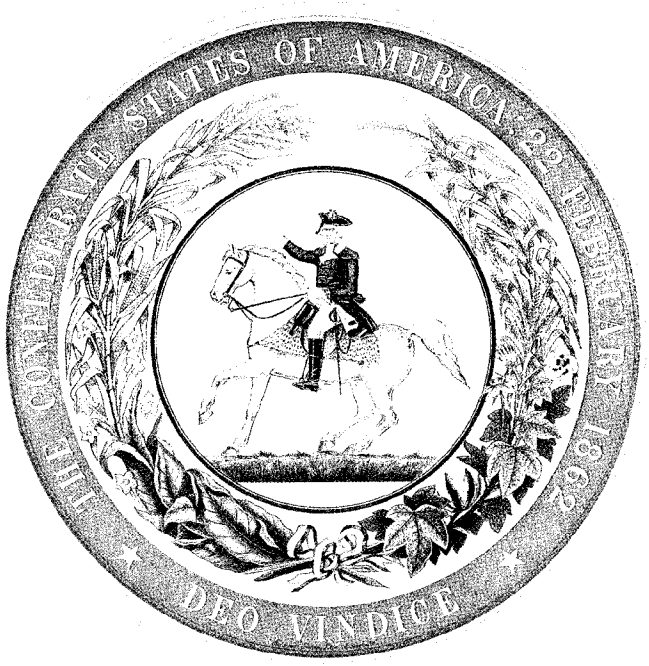
In other words, the Venable family gave the land "for the purpose" of a memorial to the Confederacy, not to build a profiteering amusement park tailored to the taste of Jim and Tammy Faye. One especially obnoxious gimmick uses lasers to animate General Lee, stepping down from his horse and breaking his sword, as if to assure the assembled Yankees that we all know how wrong we were down South.

Thousands of Georgians have registered complaints. To which their Lieutenant Governor, Zell Miller, a former member of the park's governing authority, replied:

"I'm for it being more like an amusement park...Georgia has changed, so you can't go by the original purpose."

Since the original purpose was to memorialize honor and valor, we can see why the Lieutenant Governor can't go by it.

Yes, people like Zell Miller have indeed changed Georgia and other States of the Old South as well, the way termites change the foundation of a building. But Stone Mountain, with Gutyon Borglum's spectacular carvings on solid granite, will not easily yield. General Lee's gaze is fixed far beyond the beer cans and recreational vehicles clustered at his feet--far beyond the greedy purpose of Zell Miller, to whom we give our Scalawag this issue, for possessing a capacity for ignorance and poor taste larger even than the face of Stone Mountain. ✪



CSA TODAY

ARKANSAS

An Arkansas man, who claims to be 100 years old, is really only about sixty-three. At least that's what fellow Arkansan Fred Snipes claims.

"I went to school with Herron Faye when I was in the first grade. We used to go fishing together. I'm sixty-three years old, and if he's more than a year older, I'll eat my hat."

Faye, whose church announced his 100th birthday in their Sunday bulletin this past July, could not be reached for comment; but his daughter, Mrs. Arllen Smith, who is 39, says that as far as she knows, her father is indeed a centenarian.

"I always remember him as an old man," she said, "and we celebrated his eightieth birthday when I was a sophomore in college. My mother, who died in 1979, always said that Daddy was almost forty years older than she was. Of course he does seem young for his age."

"Young for his age!" scoffed Snipes. "He creeps around like an old humped-back snail. But he knows me. He recognizes who I am. I went in there the other day to see him for the first time in over 55 years; and when his daughter was out of the room, he grinned at me and said, 'Hello, Fred. Long time, no see.' "

OCTOBER

2nd Annual Festival of Quilts
October 6-7
Eureka Springs, Arkansas
(501) 253-8973

2nd Annual Gospel Jubilee
October 8
Lake Village, Arkansas
(501) 265-5480

5th Annual Possum Valley Fun Day
October 28
Wilmar, Arkansas
(501) 773-2941

NOVEMBER

1st Annual Hoo-Rah Days
November 4-5
DeQueen, Arkansas
(501) 642-6642

National Bluegrass Fiddle Championship
November 10-12
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

6th Annual Arkansas Supper
November 17
Little Rock, Arkansas
(501) 371-1749

DECEMBER

2nd Annual Early Christmas Customs
December 1-31
DeQueen, Arkansas
(501) 642-6642

2nd Annual Hometown Christmas
December 2
Eudora, Arkansas
(501) 355-4493

Live Nativity On The Square
December 14
Bentonville, Arkansas
(501) 273-2841

ALABAMA

Glencoe Mayor Lonnie Rampey has resigned—again. This time he goes to jail on theft charges. Back in 1981 he resigned (and was later re-elected) when he was accused of using city funds to build a fence at his home. This just goes to show how inept Southerners are at fencing money.

OCTOBER

7th Annual Sorghum Sopping Festival
October 6-8
Springville, Alabama
(205) 467-6072

Blount County Covered Bridge Festival
October 14-15
Oneonta, Alabama
(205) 274-2153

Alabama Chitlin Jamboree
October 28-29
Clio, Alabama
(205) 397-4519

NOVEMBER

3rd Annual Confederate Camp of Instruction
November 4-5
Dauphin Island, Alabama
(205) 861-6992

7th Annual Heritage Day Festival
November 4
Silverhill, Alabama
(205) 947-7225

Holidays In The South
November 18
Fort Rucker, Alabama
(205) 774-9008

DECEMBER

1862 Confederate Christmas
December 10
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 933-8751

Birthday of Alabama Statehood
December 14
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 532-7551

FLORIDA

The death of Florida's Claude Pepper ends an era in Southern politics that many people would like to forget—the days of Senator Claghorn. For those older Americans who listened to radio's Fred Allen, the caricature of the loud-mouthed Dixie solon was amusing, yet somehow inoffensive—a good-natured dig at the oratorical style of our populist politicians. (Claghorn's neighbors were Irish, Jewish, and New England Yankee—and no one got his feelings hurt.)

What people forget is the fact that Kenny Delmar, who did the Claghorn voice, used Claude Pepper as a model; and those Floridians familiar with Pepper's style were either convulsed with laughter or else blushing with embarrassment.

Pepper, who was U.S. Senator from Florida until he was defeated by George Smathers, was a New Deal Democrat who veered so far to the left after Roosevelt's death that he disappeared off the face of the earth. He tried once to regain his seat, then was contented to run in a gerry-mandered district and spend his remaining years in Congress, where he moderated his more extreme views, became an advocate of the aged, and continued to make his Claghorn-like speeches in an increasingly quavering voice, the last living link with an oratorical tradition by the likes of Huey Long, Alfalfa Bill Murray, and Pitchfork Ben Tillman.

When he died, Pepper's body was placed in the Capitol rotunda, a rare honor accorded to only a few Americans. Most of his colleagues spoke warmly of his achievements, few people remembered that he had once been nicknamed "Pink Pepper," and no one mentioned that he was the original Senator Claghorn.

OCTOBER

Greater Jacksonville Agricultural Fair
October 18-28
Jacksonville, Florida
(904) 353-0535

Ninth Annual Redfish Tournament
October 21-22
Naples, Florida
1(800) 237-4173

Confederate Garrison Weekend
October 29-30
Fernandina Beach, Florida
(904) 261-4212

NOVEMBER

Florida Heritage Festival
November 8-12
West Palm Beach, Florida
(407) 832-6397

Florida-Georgia Football Game
November 11, 1989
Jacksonville, Florida
1(800) GO-GATOR

Swing Bridge Festival
November 17-19
Fort Myers, Florida
(813) 463-3412

DECEMBER

Christmas Boat Parade
December 9
Kissimmee, Florida
(407) 847-2033

Ye Olde Madrigal Christmas Feaste
December 16
Captiva Island, Florida
(813) 472-5111

GEORGIA

The Rev. Ralph David Abernathy has written an autobiography that will be published this fall by Harper & Row. The word is that it will be the best and most definitive book yet written about the civil rights movement—but one with a difference. Instead of treating the South with unrelieved malice, Abernathy's account has all the complexity of real life.

His South—the real South—is a place where he and his nine brothers and sisters grew up in relative peace and security, even though the rest of the nation was suffering from a Great Depression. The reason why his childhood was so idyllic? He grew up on an Alabama farm where he and his family worked hard enough to be relatively independent from the circumstances that made racism and exploitation so inevitable during that particular period in our history. The world he depicts is agrarian—not unlike the one described and defended by the contributors to *I'll Take My Stand*. In that world, independence derived from the land meant freedom and respect; and Abernathy's father was among the most prosperous men in Marengo County, Alabama—black or white. He was respected and admired by the white men, not because he was black or even in spite of it, but because of his achievement as a farmer and a man.

Abernathy also tells it like it was in the North, most particularly in Chicago, where he and King discovered a hatred vaster and more intractable than any they had found in the South. Not that he soft-pedals what happened in Birmingham and Selma. His portraits of Bull Connor and Sheriff Jim Clark are perhaps the subtlest and most telling yet written, if only because in his hands they are human beings rather than monsters from outer space and therefore all the more despicable.

It will be interesting to see how the Northern critics treat this book, which has the unmistakable ring of truth about it, despite its obvious bias. Will they admit the superiority of Abernathy's account over those of two recent white historians who have painted the same picture in colors that come ready-made right out of the tube? David Garrow and Taylor Branch—little more than talented propagandists—told the Yankees what they wanted to hear and won successive Pulitzer prizes. Will the Pulitzer committee give the same prize to a black man who tells the truth?

OCTOBER

Great Locomotive Chase Festival
October 6-8
Adairsville, Georgia
(404) 773-3451

Callaway Plantation Mule Day
October 14
Washington, Georgia
(404) 678-2013

Mossy Creek Barnyard Festival
October 21-22
Perry/Warner Robins, Georgia
(912) 922-8265

7th Annual Chitlin Hoedown
October 28-29
Yatesville, Georgia
(404) 472-3340

NOVEMBER

Old South Day
November 11
Ochlochnee, Georgia
(912) 574-5151

"Christmas Made In The South"
November 17-19
Augusta, Georgia
(704) 847-9480

Swine Time Festival
November 24-25
Climax, Georgia
(912) 246-6560

DECEMBER

Twelve Days of Christmas-Southern Style
December 1-25
Milledgeville, Georgia
(912) 452-4687

Christmas 1864
December 2
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 232-3945

Plantation Christmas
December 2
Brunswick, Georgia
(912) 264-9263

Gone With The Wind
50th Anniversary Celebration
December 10-17
Atlanta, Georgia
(404) 827-3230

KENTUCKY

Kentucky is going through the same ordeal that other Southern states have already experienced: the advent of state-mandated sex education. As in Oklahoma, Virginia, and other states, the Kentucky program is supposedly "abstinence oriented"; but the law also says that the curriculum need not be restricted to abstinence—and therein lies the rub.

The well-heeled and highly aggressive sex education lobby goes from district to district, peddling textbooks and programs that pay lip service to abstinence in a sentence or two, and then spend the rest of the time talking about erotic behavior and condoms. Now they have arrived in Kentucky; and though parents are organizing all over the state, they are finding that local school boards are already brainwashed by the selective and misleading statistics put out by their organized opposition.

Any Kentuckian interested in combatting these pressure groups might want to contact the Eagle Forum, the American Family Association, or Concerned Women for America. But you better hurry. The program—which begins in kindergarten and goes through high school—is set to be implemented this fall.

OCTOBER

Mary Breckinridge Festival
October 5-7
Hyden, Kentucky
(606) 672- 2300

'Lasses Makin/Country Music Gatherin'
October 6-8
Renfro Valley, Kentucky
(606) 256-2664

Woolly Worm Festival
October 20-22
Beattyville, Kentucky
(606) 464-8517

NOVEMBER

North American International
Livestock Exposition
November 4-17
Louisville, Kentucky
(502) 588-3166

Of Days Gone By
November 10 - 12
Hardin, Kentucky
(502) 474-2211

DECEMBER

An Old Fashioned Christmas
December 1-2
Carrollton, Kentucky
(502) 732-4384

Christmas In Berea
through December 31
Berea, Kentucky
(606) 986-2540

Christmas 'Round Bardstown
through December 20
Bardstown, Kentucky
(502) 348-4877

LOUISIANA

Louisiana has just been told by three Federal judges to revise their higher education program—because it is still segregated. Among the specific instructions —disband the four separate operating boards, set up a single board, restrict admissions at some universities, and establish a community college system. For some reason, the court declined to set a ratio of black-to-white on the newly created 17-member board, and it also sidestepped the issue of how much money should be spent. In the meantime, Louisiana is just about dead-last in ability to pay for such an expensive overhaul; so blacks as well as whites will suffer the burden of this ideological nonsense.

Former Governor John McKeithen, a racial moderate by anybody's standards, summed up the state's frustration as follows:

"For the life of me, I don't know any way to make a white go to Grambling or a black go to Louisiana Tech."

OCTOBER

Louisiana Gumbo Festival
October 13-15
Chickabay, Louisiana

Cane River Plantation Tour
October 14-15
Natchitoches, Louisiana

Plantation Day
October 29
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

NOVEMBER

Louisiana Swine Festival
November 1-5
Basile, Louisiana

Delta Cotton Day
November 11
Tallulah, Louisiana

DECEMBER

Victorian Christmas
December 1-31
Jefferson Island, Louisiana

Christmas In The Country
December 3
Elizabeth, Louisiana

Pearl Harbor Day Memorial
December 7
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

A Creole Christmas at the Historic
1850 House
December 17, 20
New Orleans, Louisiana

MARYLAND

One more sign that the civil rights movement is over: the Maryland Chapter of the NAACP is going to demonstrate in front of the Japanese Embassy to "highlight the limited participation by black Americans in businesses that the Japanese own and control."

"They're insensitive to us," said executive director Douglas McQuillan, his nostrils flaring.

Later the group plans to demonstrate before the embassies of South Africa and West Germany: "Today Alabama; tomorrow the world!"

—Thanks to Richard Chenery of Richmond, VA

MISSISSIPPI

Since our last issue, the Rev. Don Wildmon of the American Family Association has announced the target of its year-long boycott: Clorox and Mennen, the two companies that have sponsored the most offensive and sexually explicit shows on television. Shortly after the AFA announced its choice, Clorox put out the word that their advertising agency was to blame, that they had made their peace with the boycotters.

Not so, says Wildmon. The AFA announced its intentions many months ago, it promised a year-long boycott, and Clorox and Mennen will remain under sanctions until next summer, after which they can expect an upsurge of sales—if they're still in business.

OCTOBER

State Fair
October 4-15
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 961-4000

Flea Market
October 12
Canton, Mississippi
(601) 859-1606

NOVEMBER

Scottish Highland Games
November 18
Biloxi, Mississippi

DECEMBER

Christmas In Natchez
December 1-31
Natchez, Mississippi
1(800) 647-6724

Christmas At The Old Capitol
December 3-23
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 354-6222

MISSOURI

Who says you can't take it with you? That's exactly what long-time Missouri Congressman Gene Taylor did when he retired in January after 16 years in Washington.

He took his campaign war chest with him, gave a little away to charity and deposited the rest in his personal bank account. Under current law, the practice of converting political contributions to personal use is perfectly legal (for congressmen, that is) and Taylor sees nothing wrong with it. He points out that he will pay income taxes on the $475,938. Of course Al Capone paid income taxes... most of the time.

OCTOBER

Civil War [sic] Living History
October 1
St. Charles, Missouri
(314) 947-0165

Festival of Leaves and Porkfest
October 7
Boonville, Missouri
(816) 882-2721

Missouri Town 1855 Festival
October 7-8
Blue Springs, Missouri
(816) 881-4431

1860 Old Iron Works Days
October 14-15
St. James, Missouri
(314) 265-7214

General Sterling Price Day
October 15-17
Keytesville, Missouri
(816) 288-3381

1812 Militia Muster
October 21-22
Sibley, Missouri
(816) 881-4431

Snoopy's Pumpkin Patch
October 27
Kansas City, Missouri
(816) 274-8444

NORTH CAROLINA

In Charlotte, North Carolina a thirty-year-old man reported to the police on June 30th that he believes he was raped on April 13.

He told police that he had fallen asleep on his front porch, and was awakened by a male who, he says, may have sexually assaulted him. He said that he could not identify his possible assailant.

When police asked him just what made him think he'd been raped, the man replied that he couldn't really say.

OCTOBER

Mock Tobacco Auction
October 1
Duke Homestead
Durham, North Carolina
(919) 477-5498

Wolfe's Birthday Celebration
October 3
Thomas Wolfe Memorial
Asheville, North Carolina
(704) 253-8304

Colonial Living Week
October 9-13
Alamance Battleground
Burlington, North Carolina
(919) 227-4785

NOVEMBER

Site Opening Celebration
November 4
C.H. Brown Memorial
Sedalia, North Carolina
(919) 733-7862

125th Anniversary—Fort Fisher
December 2
Kure Beach, North Carolina
(919) 458-5538

DECEMBER

Living History Day
November 5
Polk Memorial
Pineville, North Carolina
(704) 889-7145

A Colonial / German Christmas
December 3
Reed Gold Mine
Stanfield, North Carolina
(704) 786-8337

Christmas Aboard the *Elizabeth II*
December 10
Manteo, North Carolina
(919) 923-3971

OKLAHOMA

Most of the time folks hate to see winding old country roads disappear, but there's an exception to every rule; and the exception to this one is the stretch of State Highway 33 between Chouteau and the Arkansas border. Truck drivers, particularly the oldtimers, will tell you the road is downright scary. You're riding along, hypnotized by the black ribbon ahead, and suddenly it corkscrews off into the woods. Many a bemused truck driver has had to be cut from the cab of his rig with a blow-

torch, wondering as the world swam out of sight, just how the road had managed to do him in.

"We've worked many a fatality, many a wreck," said Robert Foreman of the Locust Grove volunteer fire department rescue squad.

The weather's bad too; and when the drenching rains come, the roads become slick with mud and it's all too easy to slide off the sloping shoulders. Then, too, there are always trucks coming in the other direction, looming suddenly around a corner like implacable freight trains. You daydream for just an instant, and before you know it you've been sideswiped and are sailing into a dense woods with tree trunks closer together than the bars in a jail. One oldtimer has suggested that if you put a tombstone every mile you would pretty much indicate the extent of the carnage.

Well, all that's changing. In 1992 there'll be a new four-lane highway, and Oklahoma truckers will be able to drive in relative safety—if there are any of them left.

OCTOBER

National Congress of the American Indian
October 26
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 278-8908

Belt Buckle Show
October 14-15
Duncan, Oklahoma
(405) 722-4921

American Rabbit Breeders Show
October 23-2 6
Tulsa, Oklahoma
(918) 744-111?

NOVEMBER

Statehood Day
November 16
Guthrie, Oklahoma
(405) 282-1947

Oklahoma Heritage Association Banquet
November 18
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 235-4458

DECEMBER

Boar's Heade Feaste
December 1-2, 7-9,14-16
Talequah, Oklahoma
(918) 456-5511

Bluegrass Concert
December 3
Midwest City, Oklahoma
(405) 677-1509

Christmas Play and Parade
December 9-10
Shattuck, Oklahoma
(405) 938-2818

SOUTH CAROLINA

When Lincoln sent the *Star of the West* to Charleston harbor, cadets from The Citadel, The Military College of South Carolina fired cannons and drove it back to sea. The Citadel also contributed officers and fighting men to the noble cause.

As a football tradition, The Citadel has always waved the Confederate Battle Flag and played *Dixie* when the team scored a touchdown. But this year, a black councilman from Charleston is insisting that the cadets should refrain from waving the Old Flag when they play South Carolina State College, a mostly black institution, "out of consideration for the feelings of the black students."

One Citadel alumnus made a modest proposal: "Let's agree not to wave the Flag if they can keep us from scoring." Another cadet fan smiled slightly and said: "If the flag offends them, wait "till they find out who the stadium was named after." The game will be played in Johnson Haygood Stadium. (General, C.S.A.)

OCTOBER

Plantation Polo
October 7-December 3
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina
(803) 884-4371

Lee County Cotton Pickin' Festival
October 13-15
Bishopville, South Carolina
(803) 484-94?8

South Carolina Sweet Potato Festival
October 14-15
Darlington, South Carolina
(803) 662-3632

NOVEMBER

Quilt Show
November 17
Aiken, South Carolina
(803) 642-2015

Plantation Days
November 11-12
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 556-6020

Chitlin' Strut
November 25
Salley, South Carolina
(803) 258-3331

DECEMBER

Christmas In Charleston
December 1-31
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 577-2510

Christmas Light Parade
December 2
Lake Murray, South Carolina
(803) 731-9990

Elgin Catfish Stomp
December 2-4
Elgin, South Carolina
(803) 438-3209

TENNESSEE

Andrew Lytle, who at 87.is still going strong, is publishing a new book this year with Regnery-Gateway, entitled *From Eden to Babylon*. It is a volume of his political essays, some of which are among the finest in the language. Lytle is probably the most gifted political philosopher among the Agrarians, and this volume will be a must for students of Southern history and thought.

It is due out in the fall and will contain an introductory essay by M.E. Bradford.

OCTOBER

National Storytelling Festival
October 6-8
Jonesborough, Tennessee
(615) 753-2171

3rd Annual Heritage Weekend
/Sam Davis Memorial
October 7-8
Smyrna, Tennessee
(615) 459-2341

Grand Ole Opry Birthday Celebration
October 12-14
Nashville, Tennessee
(615) 889-7503

NOVEMBER

Possum Festival
November 4-5
Parkers Crossroads, Tennessee
(901) 968-6191

Fall Lake Cruise on the General Jackson
November 4-5
Nashville, Tennessee
(615) 889-6611

Commemoration of the 11th President
James K. Polk
November 5
Columbia, Tennessee
(615) 388-2354

Battle of Franklin Re-enactment
November 30 - September 3
Franklin, Tennessee
(615) 794-0903

TEXAS

In the badlands of Texas you take your law where you can find it, and in Palito Blanco you can find the law in the GNG Bar, where Justice of the Peace Agapito Gonzalez holds court, amid bottles of tequila and long-neck beer. Gonzalez, known as "The Law West of Highway 281," is 75-years-old and sees absolutely nothing wrong with disposing of legal cases in such an environment, particularly when, as Agapito explains it, "People are friends here because we're all related."

His nephew Arnoldo, who is County Clerk, also speaks well of the Gonzalez brand of justice, "It used to be bad around here. Knifings. The last ten years it has mellowed."

Gonzalez keeps the civil dockets on a chair by the pool table; and if people wanted to, they could sit around and drink while they sued each other. But things couldn't get too rowdy, because there are words of wisdom nailed on the wall in order to remind people of the solemn nature of what does on there. One of them reads: A MAN'S GOT TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER."

OCTOBER

Texas Renaissance Festival
September 30 - November 12
Plantersville, Texas
(713) 356-2178

State Fair of Texas
October 6-22
Dallas, Texas
(214) 585-9931

Confederate Air Force Air Show
October 12-15
Harlingen, Texas
(512) 425-1057

Old Fiddler's Festival
October 27-29
Sinton, Texas
(512) 354-2307

NOVEMBER

Chili Cookoff
November 4
Terlingua, Texas
(214) 227-5846

DECEMBER

Holiday In The Park
November 24-December 31
Arlington, Texas
(817) 640-8900

Dickens Evening On The Strand
December 2-3
Galveston, Texas
(409) 765-7834

VIRGINIA

Virginians are still reeling from the sheer infamy of it: Washington police, unable to deal with the problem any longer, herded a sullen group of hookers across the Virginia line and left them there. The ladies of the evening hopped cabs and beat the cops back to 14th Street, but the deed had been done; and now Virginians are contemplating which of several courses to pursue.

The first is to do nothing, to simply permit this invasion; but few people are willing to let the matter pass. The second is to file an injunction in Federal court, but such litigation is costly, takes forever, and the results are generally unsatisfactory. The third is to take retaliatory action.

What form of action, however, is a matter of debate, particularly in Alexandria, the point at which the invasion occurred.

Some of the Fire-Eaters have pointed out that the word "hooker" was derived from the ladies of the evening who followed the army of Yankee General Joe Hooker. That being the case, isn't it true that the Yankees have in effect started up The War again? And if that's true, isn't there only one honorable course of action for Virginians to take?

OCTOBER

Tours of City Point Churches
October 1-30
Hopewell, Virginia
(804) 541-2279

Hatchers Run—Living History Encampment
October 28-29
Petersburg, Virginia
(804) 732-3531

Hollywood Cemetery Tour
October 29
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 795-5781

NOVEMBER

Petersburg Church Tour
November 5
Petersburg, Virginia
(804) 733-2400

A Siege Christmas
November 19-January 2
Petersburg, Virginia
(804) 733-2400

DECEMBER

Old Town Christmas
December 1
Petersburg, Virginia
(804) 733-2400

Starvation Ball
December 15
Petersburg, Virginia
(804) 733-2400

Christmas In The Field
December 16-17
Newport News, Virginia
(804) 247-8523

✪

CALHOUN ENDURES

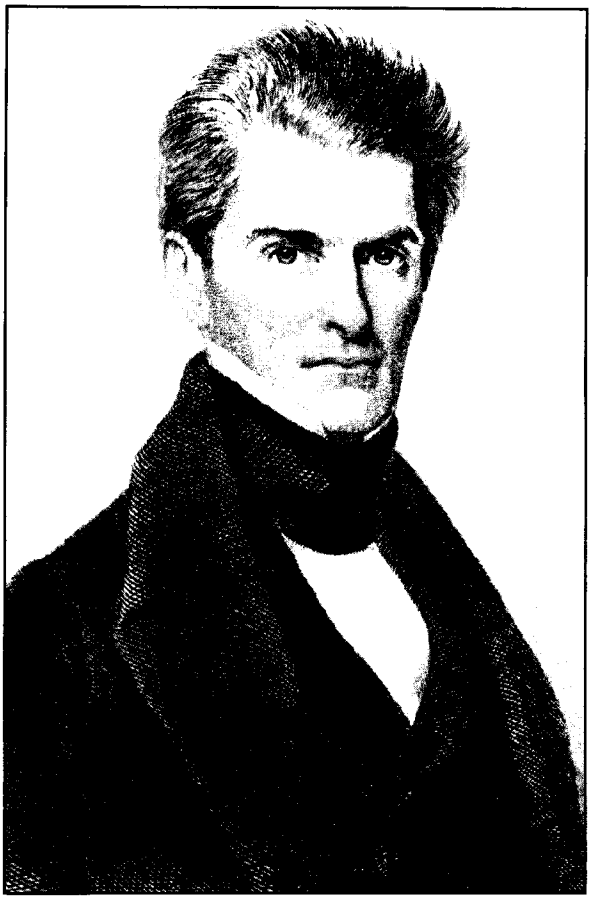
by Russell Kirk

John C. Calhoun and the Price of Union

by John Niven
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1988, 367 pp., illustrations, $24.95.

Why another life of Calhoun?

Several biographies and political studies have been published in recent decades and Dr. Niven commends some of them, although he neglects to mention others. As for Calhoun's political career, that already is familiar to anybody who reads American history. The publication of more volumes of Calhoun's papers by the University of South Carolina Press over the past quarter of a century, true, justifies renewed attention to the great Southern statesman; but Niven makes only incidental reference to those volumes.



Still, another lengthy biography of Calhoun might be found desirable if it were written with spirit and imagination. Professor Niven's style, though passable, is pedestrian and unsprightly.

Or such a new life might deserve attentive reading if it were to offer fresh insights into Calhoun's character, career, and thought. Mr. Niven makes such an endeavor.

What discovery has Mr. Niven made concerning the Cast-Iron Man? Why, that Calhoun suffered from "insecurity"! Niven instructs us that "Although Calhoun radiated confidence in his manner, his speech, and his personal affairs, he was a deeply insecure man." How so? Why, the Indian menace and social upheaval in the backcountry, struggles between Whigs and Tories, the loss of his parents and a sister during his youth--these had left Calhoun "lonely and disturbed." He compensated for these personal fears through unyielding industry and such an emphatic display of self-reliance that friends, neighbors, and teachers marked him as an impressively gifted and independent young man." There occurs more of this nonsensical interpretation elsewhere in the book.

On such grounds, we might reason that everybody experiencing childhood in America about the time of the Revolution was liable to suffer severely from "insecurity". Also we might take it that any young man conspicuously able and self-reliant presumably is compensating for insecurity. We may be told soon of the inner timidity of Napoleon Bonaparte, the concealed atheism of Paul of Tarsus, and the brutal desires of Francis of Assisi--all these defects veiled by compensating words and deeds.

It does not seem to enter Mr. Niven's head that all important political philosophers have lived in times socially insecure: Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, Cicero, Dante, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Burke, John Adams, the authors of *The Federalist*, and others. In times of general and personal security, men do not reflect deeply on the first principles of social order. From the 1830s onward, the South was insecure, menaced by the Abolitionists, the growing preponderance of the North, and distrust of the black population. Out of that feeling of insecurity developed works of political thought, chiefly Calhoun's two books written near the end of his life, and Alexander Stephens' *Constitutional View of the War between the States*, published after the South's defeat. Certainly the Southern states were insecure; it does not follow that Calhoun and Stephens suffered from psychological insecurity; the evidence is all to the contrary.

It is among tenured professors, rather than among resolute statesmen, that the afflictions of anxiety and insecurity often may be discerned.

Professor Niven's boasted discovery of Calhoun's inner uneasiness, then, is unconvincing—and unsupported by any evidence except the author's speculations. Otherwise, this biography tells us little that earlier lives have not discussed. As for defects in this biography--why, there are several.

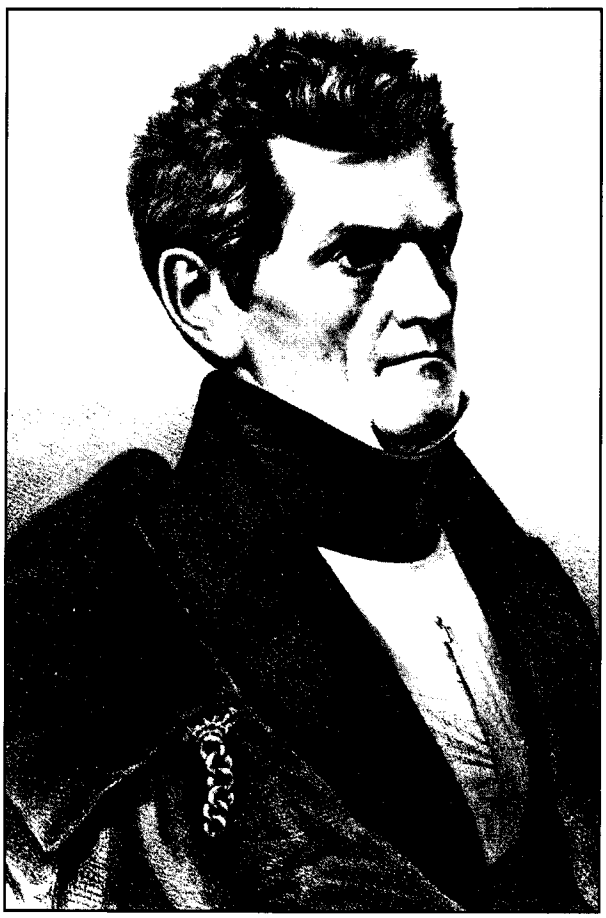
The most conspicuous of this book's faults is self-righteousness. In the first paragraph of his Preface, Niven admits that he hesitated to write this biography: "As a northerner, born and bred in New York and Connecticut, I wondered whether I could do justice to this epitome of antebellum southernism. Although I have always sought to avoid the historical sin of present-mindedness, I could never bring myself to consider objectively Calhoun's position on slavery and the nature of the Union...I must confess, however, that my negative opinions on Calhoun's defense of slavery were reinforced by my close study of the man and his writings."

Thus near the end of the twentieth century, from amidst the comforts of the Claremont Graduate School, a ritualistic liberal sits in judgment upon a statesman who did not enjoy the opportunity to moralize upon an extinguished Peculiar Institution, abstractly regarded. Mr. Niven proclaims that slavery is "morally indefensible." More, "The slave system was of course the adhesive that held the southern way of life together in Calhoun's mind, and any trifling with this basic institution in the name of freedom, of equality of opportunity, of morality, or of human worth and dignity not only destroyed the economy of his section but demolished its social order." Indeed that social order was demolished by the Civil War and Reconstruction. But does Niven fancy that Calhoun ought to have acquiesced in the ruin of what Niven calls "the values of his home, his people, his section"? How very

moral that would have been! Incidentally, Niven is distressed by "the slave owners who slept with their female slaves, who treated them as concubines like any despot of ancient or modern times"--as if fornication and miscegenation had ceased with the Emancipation Proclamation.

Nevertheless, Mr. Niven does not deny that Calhoun had his merits. He finds Von Holst too hard upon the Cast-Iron Man, and recognizes the power of Calhoun's two treatises, the *Disquisition on Government* and the *Discourse on the Constitution.*

The following paragraph from the



Niven study suggests Mr. Niven's mixed feelings:

"Although both essays were written during the intense heat of political and sectional contest and were shaped by contemporary issues, they bespeak an originality in American political thought that remains unequaled. Calhoun's comments on political parties, numerical majorities, and the abuses of power are as appropriate today as they were in 1850. American political and social history from the mid-nineteenth century on reflects a periodic flux of public morals and their intimate connection with political corruption. Calhoun's caustic observation on this point is worth noticing. 'That which corrupts and debases the community, politically,' he wrote, 'must also corrupt and debase it morally.' His analysis of the imperfections and the dangers of majority rule has never been refuted in practice or in theoretical explanation. His proposal that the sense of the various interests of a complex society be taken in making up a government influenced the political thought and practice of the progressive movement at the turn of the twentieth century. Progressive political mechanisms such as the direct primary and especially the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, which are embodied in some state constitutions today, have their genesis in Calhoun's political thought."

The first portion of the preceding paragraph does Calhoun justice. As for the latter portion, this reviewer never had encountered previously any suggestion that Calhoun, of all people, in any way influenced the Progressive Movement. Indeed, Niven himself, five pages earlier, informs us with respect to Calhoun's condemnation of the numerical majority, "Completely absent in Calhoun's equation is any trust in mass political participation. His compound of incipient Calvinism and elitist Federalism recalls the lamentations of John Knox and the contemptuous acrimony of Gouverneur Morris."

What is incipient Calvinism? Calhoun had been reared as a Presbyterian, but became an earnest Unitarian. The silly juxtaposing of John Knox and Gouverneur Morris results from Niven's unfortunate discipleship to Louis Hartz, which will be touched upon below.

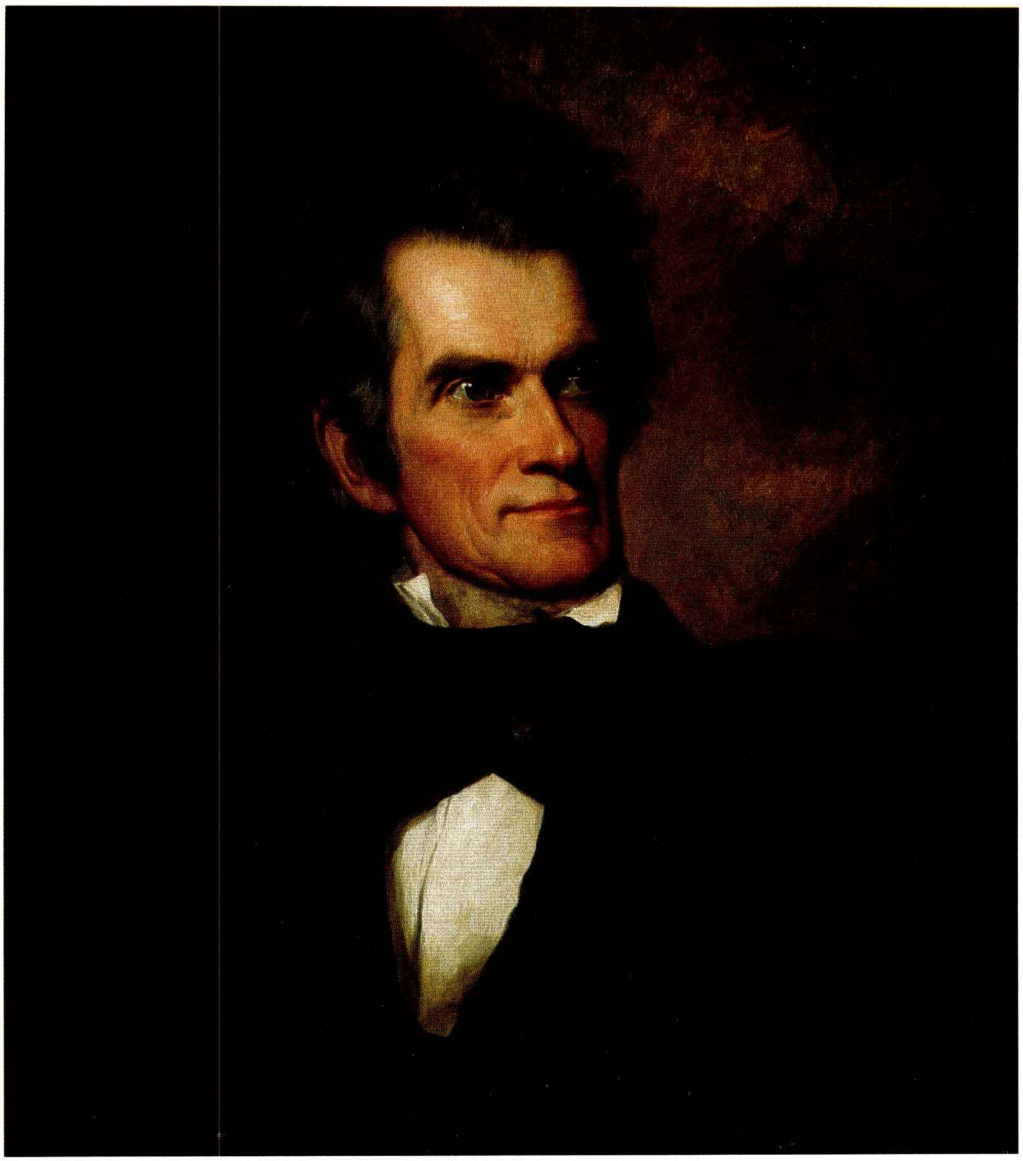
This reviewer is hinting, and more than hinting, that Dr. Niven, a professor of history, knows next to nothing about political theory. Take, as an additional instance of this ignorance, a passage concerning Calhoun's opposition to centralizing theories of the Constitution. "Madison's ingenious formulation that distributed the powers of sovereignty between the states and the central government Calhoun regarded as absurd," Niven writes. "Sovereignty was absolute or it was nothing--a doctrine found in Hobbes, but whose implications most European political theorists had rejected for several generations."

If Niven here means to imply that Calhoun derived his concept of sovereignty from reading Hobbes, he is in error. Far from being an Archaic doctrine in the 1840s and 1850s, the theory of sovereignty is absolute and indivisible was very much *a la mode* then--and still is, in jurisprudential circles. It was reformulated by Jeremy Bentham and John Austin early in the century. Whether Calhoun had read Austin (whose *Province of Jurisprudence Determined* was published in 1832) might have been an interesting question for Niven to explore, but he does not do so.

However that may be, Calhoun's understanding of sovereignty was not at all surprising to his contemporaries. John Randolph of Roanoke, in his sardonic pithy way, had expressed it thus, years earlier: "A state can no more surrender a *part of* its sovereignty than a woman can surrender a *part* of her chastity." The American Patriots' grasp of the idea of sovereignty was eloquently expressed by James Otis, in his pamphlet *The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted*, published at Boston in 1764:

"An original, supreme, absolute, and uncontrollable earthly power must exist in and preside over every society, from whose final decisions there can be no appeal but directly to Heaven. It is, therefore, originally and ultimately in the people..."

This concept of popular sovereignty (endorsed by James Monroe, unmentioned by Niven) may be traced back through



Portrait of John C. Calhoun, 1845. By George P.A. Healy, The Greenville County (S.C.) Museum of Art. Gift of W. Thomas Smith.

British law to Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke; even to Richard Hooker, even to the English medieval principle that "the king is under the law." In short, Calhoun's doctrine of sovereignty was rooted in English historical experience, rather that in juridical abstractions. (By *sovereignty* Calhoun meant, of course, the sovereignty of each of the several states, not any national sovereignty of the general government.)

On his following page, Niven affirms that "Calhoun's notion that inequality, not equality, is a settled condition of mankind...derives in part from his close reading of Aristotle's *Politics* and *Nicomachean Ethics* and his imbibing of the political skepticism of Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Hume." He ignores the possibility that Calhoun's "notion" was rooted in experience of the world and the study of history; and in his Calvinistic upbringing. St. Augustine of Hippo loomed far larger that Machiavelli, for such an American public man. But Niven thoroughly disregards religion in Calhoun's time.

These oddities and omissions in Niven's biography led me to raise my eyebrows at the statement, in his Preface, that his book is "based largely on primary sources." There occur various references to John Randolph--though not many, considering Randolph's early fierce denunciation of Calhoun, and his later strong influence upon the Vice-President. But the footnote citations concerning Randolph are to the old biographies of Randolph by Garland and Bruce--when Niven might have drawn upon Randolph's speeches as reported in *The Annals of Congress*, *The Register of Debates in Congress*, the Richmond newspapers, or Randolph's papers in the University of Virginia, the Library of Congress, and elsewhere. Niven's "Listing of Secondary Sources" is curiously short. Henry Adams' lengthy *History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison* is set down in this Listing merely in the two-volume abridgement by Herbert Agar. In Niven's chapters occur some references to Edmund Ruffin, who was to fire the first gun in the War Between the States; yet the Listing omits *The Diary of Edmund Ruffin* (2 vols., 1972)--and various other books that one might expect to find.

It must be said, though, that Dr. Niven's work is distinctly superior to that of his exemplars. For he fulsomely praises, in his "On the Sources" and in a footnote, the criticisms of Calhoun's political thought by Louis Hartz (in his *Liberal Tradition in America*) and by Richard Hofstadter (in his *American Political Tradition*).

The Hartz book is the worst-written book about politics that I ever have come upon. As Daniel Boorstin wrote in his devastating long review of *The Liberal Tradition in America*, this book is an illustration of what ails American liberalism today--abstract, bookish in the bad sense, and insulated against reality. It is pedantic and coyly allusive. Hofstadter was an abler writer and a more nearly original thinker, but Marxist in his assumptions, and always friendly toward the Soviet Union. The men who made America's political tradition, according to Hofstadter--the Founding Father, Jefferson, Jackson, Phillips, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Hoover, F.D.R., and the rest--all somehow were unsatisfactory, captive in some degree to what Hartz calls "irrational Lockianism."

As I wrote not long after these two books were published, for Hartz and Hofstadter tradition is a devil-term; it is something one tries to transcend so fast as one can, dragging dull conservatives behind one.

The masters of politics during the past two or three centuries were myopic men, even at their most liberal, we learn from Hartz and Hofstadter; from the height of our modern realism we may condescend to smile at their limitations; but we ought to throw off the hands of this dead ancestry and march away in some rational new direction, with our modern pragmatic rationality for guide and governor. Hartz's and Hofstadter's version of the history of American politics is that America's leaders labored under a Lockian or "conservative and Manchesterian" orthodoxy, whether they were called conservatives or liberals; we have little now to learn from the achievements of these leaders, though we may profit from a study of their sad deficiencies.

In this spirit is John Niven's *John C. Calhoun* written. What mentors! Now and again Mr. Niven endeavors to be lenient with Calhoun, Southerner though he had the misfortune to be born. Perhaps Mr. Niven is quite a nice man. As one reviewer has pointed out, Professor Niven "sympathetically portrays Calhoun's domestic trials and recurring health problems."

All the same, I suggest that men and women interested in knowing something about Calhoun turn to Margaret Coit's *John C. Calhoun: American Portrait*; Arthur Styron's *The Cast-Iron Man*; or Charles Wiltse's three-volume biography. The eighteenth volume of Calhoun's *Papers*, edited by Dr. Clyde Wilson, was published by the University of South Carolina Press this year; it contains his papers for 1844, when Calhoun was Secretary of State in the Tyler administration. This volume is full of interesting correspondence about diplomatic affairs. Nothing is deader that dead politics, we have been told; but Calhoun's concerns are quick still. Certainly he is livelier than his ritualistic-liberal biographer, who puts one in mind of certain lines by Robert Frost:

I'm liberal. You, aristocrat
Don't know exactly what I mean by that.
I mean so altruistically moral
I never take my own side in a quarrel.

The aristocrat of Fort Hill, not given to shrinking from quarrels, was one of the first two public men in the United States (his correspondent Orestes Brownson being the other) to make the word "conservative" a term of politics, and to descry the canker in the flower of nineteenth-century liberalism. He will survive this patronizing biography. ✪

Russell Kirk, the renowned historian, critic and political thinker has served on the Advisory Board of the Partisan since 1981.

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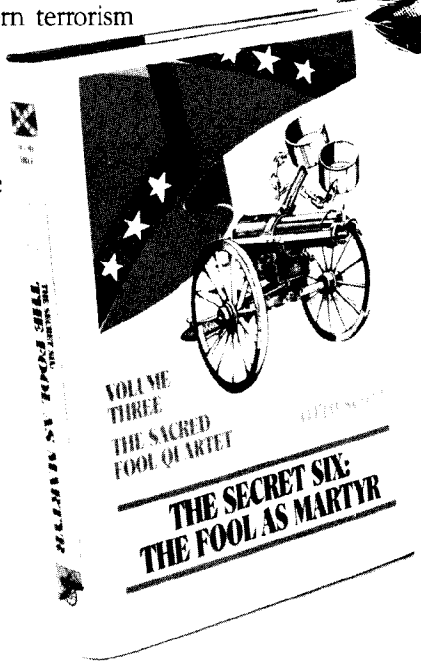

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The Last Days...

Randolph of Roanoke

Randolph of Roanoke died, as he had lived, with dramatic intensity. This extraordinary account of his last days reveals the nature of Randolph's relationship with his slaves—especially John, who was the object of the great Southerner's last will and testament and the subject of his last breath.

May 17, 1833

This day, May 17, 1833, Randolph attended the horse races in Petersburg, made a political speech, and passed through Richmond on his way to Washington. Awaiting the arrival of the steamboat at a landing on Potomac Creek, he was accidentally struck against the leg by a trunk carelessly slung across the dock. The blow seems to have been a very painful one. Dr. Dunbar, an eminent physician of Baltimore, stepped forward and introduced himself: "Mr. Randolph, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance but I have known your brother from my childhood; and as I see you have no one with you but your servants, you appear to require a friend." With earnestness, Randolph grasped Dr. Dunbar's hand, replying, "I am most thankful to you, sir, for your kindness, for I do, indeed, want a friend."

Randolph was carried aboard the steamboat and was seated in a cabin. He asked the doctor's name. "Ah, doctor, I am past surgery, past surgery."

"I hope not, sir," the doctor replied.

Randolph repeated, "I am past surgery."

Dr. Dunbar examined Randolph's legs, both in advanced stages of emaciation .

Supper was announced, and Randolph was plentifully supplied with fried clams, which he ate voraciously. The steward asked him if he would have some more clams. "I do not know," Randolph replied. "Doctor, do you think I could take some more clams?"

"No, Mr. Randolph," said Dr. Dunbar. "Had you asked me earlier, I would have advised you against taking any, for they are very injurious; but I did not conceive it my right to advise you."

"Yes, you had, doctor; and I would have been much obliged to you for doing so. Steward, I can't take any more; the doctor thinks they are not good for me."

After the table was cleared, Randolph asked whether Dr. Dunbar would be kind enough to write a letter for him to "a gentleman who stands A number 1 among men, Dr. Brockenbrough, of Richmond." The letter (now lost) gave directions on matters of business and included a few characteristic remarks about horses. "So much for blood," he dictated. "Now sign it, doctor."

"How shall I sign it, Mr. Randolph? Sign it 'John Randolph of Roanoke?'"

"No, sir, sign it 'Randolph of Roanoke.'"

This was done. "Now, doctor," Randolph said, "do me the favor to add a postscript: I have been so fortunate as to meet with Dr. Dunbar of Baltimore on board this boat and to form his acquaintance, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for his kind attentions to me."

Immediately, Randolph drew together the curtains of his berth and began groaning heavily, breathing laboriously, exclaiming several times in agony, "Oh God! Oh Christ!" He became very restless and impatient and irascible with his servants, praying aloud in his berth until the boat reached the wharf at Alexandria.

May 18, 1833

On May 18, 1833, Randolph appeared for the last time on the Senate floor. Henry Clay was speaking as Randolph entered the Senate chamber. "Raise me up," said Randolph, "I want to hear that voice again." When Clay had concluded his remarks, he turned and offered his hand to Randolph. "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir."

"No, sir," Randolph replied, "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you."

The two men grasped hands and parted, never to meet again.

Randolph hurried on to Philadelphia. A high storm was raging, and while Randolph's servant, Johnny, hunted for a carriage, Randolph took instead a wretched hack with all the windows broken and was driven from hotel to hotel in the pouring rain. At length he arrived at the City Hotel, Forty-one North Third Street. He was gravely ill. Dr. Joseph Parish, a Quaker, was sent for. As Parish entered the room, Randolph addressed him: "I am acquainted with you, sir, by character." Randolph then told the doctor he had attended several courses of lectures on anatomy and went on to describe his symptoms with amaz-

Immediately, Randolph drew together the curtains of his berth and began groaning heavily, breathing laboriously, exclaiming several times in agony, "Oh God! Oh Christ!"

"John! take care that the doctor does not leave the room." John locked the door. "Master I have locked the door and qot the key in my pocket. The doctor can't go now."

ing accuracy.

"How long have you been sick, Mr. Randolph?"

"Don't ask me that question," Randolph replied, "I have been sick all my life. I have been affected with my present disease, however, for three years. It was greatly aggravated by my voyage to Russia. That killed me, sir. This Russian expedition has been a Poltava, a Berezina to me."

The doctor felt Randolph's pulse. "You can form no judgment by my pulse, it is so peculiar," Randolph said. Dr. Parish was forbearing. "You have been so long an invalid, Mr. Randolph, you must have acquired an accurate knowledge of the general course of practice adapted to your case."

"Certainly, sir—at forty, a fool or a physician, you know."

"There are idiosyncrasies," said Dr. Parish, "in many constitutions. I wish to ascertain what is peculiar about you."

"I have been an idiosyncrasy all my life," Randolph said wryly. "All the preparations of camphor invariably injure me. As to ether, it will blow me up. Not so with opium; I can take opium like a Turk and have been in the habitual use of it, in one shape or another, for some time."

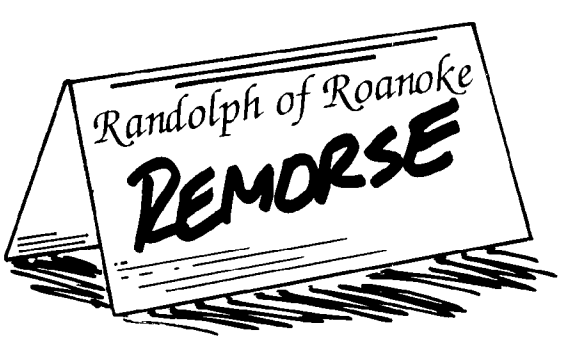
Randolph's conversation began to wander somewhat angrily. He accused Quakers of being "twistical" in politics, then repeated a portion of the litany of the Episcopal church with apparent fervor, and fell asleep.

May 23, 1833

The night of May 23, 1833, Randolph could scarcely breathe. He asked Dr. Parish to return in the morning to perform a bronchotomy. As soon as Parish entered the room, Randolph exclaimed, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted and for whom I have made provision." (He had done so some ten or twelve years before.)

"I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration from you, sir," replied Dr. Parish .

"You must not go," Randolph said in agitation. "You cannot, you shall not leave me. John! take care that the doctor does not leave the room." John locked the door. "Master, I have locked the door and got the key in my pocket. The doctor can't go now."



Parish appealed to Randolph, saying he had another patient to visit. "You don't understand. I know you don't," said Randolph. "Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves. A will may manumit them, but provision for their subsequent support requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, atter hearing the declaration, should continue with the party and never lose sight of him until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John. You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me; your patients must make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning, 'Master, you are dying.'"

Dr. Parish replied candidly he was surprised Randolph had lasted so long. Randolph directed John to bring him his father's breast button and to place it in the bosom of his shirt. The button was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the buttonhole of Randolph's shirt, but to secure it meant making a hole on the opposite side.

"Get a knife and cut one," Randolph urged, and fell back to rest. Suddenly, Randolph roused up and exclaimed loudly, in a state of considerable agitation, "Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!" uttering the word the last time at the very top of his voice. "Let me see the word. Get a dictionary, let me see the word."

"There is none in the room, sir," Dr. Parish said, trying to calm the dying man.

"Write it down then!" Randolph shouted. "Let me see the word!"

The doctor picked up one of Randolph's calling cards. "Randolph of Roanoke, shall I write it on this card?"

"Yes!" said Randolph. "Nothing more proper."

The doctor penciled "remorse" on the card and handed it to Randolph, who took it

hurriedly and fastened his eyes on it intensely. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed. The doctor did so and handed the card to him again. Randolph became extremely agitated, shouting, "Remorse! You have no idea what it is. You can form no idea of it whatever. It has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ and hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word"—which was done.

"What am I to do with the card?" inquired Dr. Parish.

Randolph stared at him fixedly and said with all his power, "Put it in your pocket. Take care of it. When I am dead, look at it."

May 24, 1833

The doctor paused, then suggested sending downstairs for additional witnesses. This was unnecessary, Randolph said.

"With your concurrence, sir," said Parish, I will send for two young physicians who shall remain and never lose sight of you until you are dead; doctors to whom you can make your declarations—my son, Dr. Isaac Parish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, a brother of Captain West."

"Captain West of the packet? Send for him. He is the man, I'll have him." Randolph instructed John to unlock the door and, pointing toward a bureau, asked the doctor to take his payment. Dr. Parish felt it would be indelicate to do so. "In England, it is always customary," Randolph said.

The witnesses were sent for and soon arrived: Edmund Badger, keeper of the City Hotel; Francis West and Isaac Parish. Joseph Parish, though he was now free to depart, instead remained in the room.

Randolph was propped up in the bed with pillows at his back, nearly erect. A blanket was placed over his head and shoulders, with his stovepipe hat atop the blanket. With his last remaining strength, eyes flashing, he pointed his long, bony index finger at the assembly: "I confirm all the directions in my will, respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support." Raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his hand open on Johnny's shoulder. "Especially for this man." He then asked whether each of the witnesses understood him. Immediately, Randolph's keen, penetrating gaze clouded, his mind gave way, and he slumped down. At fifteen minutes before noon on Friday, May 24, 1833, John Randolph breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel.

"They carried him back to his solitary home, and buried him—in death as in life, unsocial and isolated—in the forest of Roanoke. In the soil of the Virginia he loved so well, they laid the corse [sic] of her faithful and devoted son. They left him to rest, after the long fever of his troubled dream of life was over, in a humble and sequestered grave, beneath two stately pines.... The gloom of their shade, and the melancholy sighing of the wind through their boughs, are fit emblems of the life which was breathed out in sadness and in sorrow." He was buried with his face to the west, it was said, so that he might keep his eye on Henry Clay. In 1879 the body was exhumed and reinterred at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

"What am I to do with the card?" inquired Dr. Parish. Randolph stared at him fixedly and said with all his power, "Put it in your pocket. Take care of it. When I am dead, look at it."

AFTERWORD...

Randolph's freed blacks were sent to lands in Ohio which had been purchased for them. There they were met with violence and were driven away by the people of an abolitionist state.

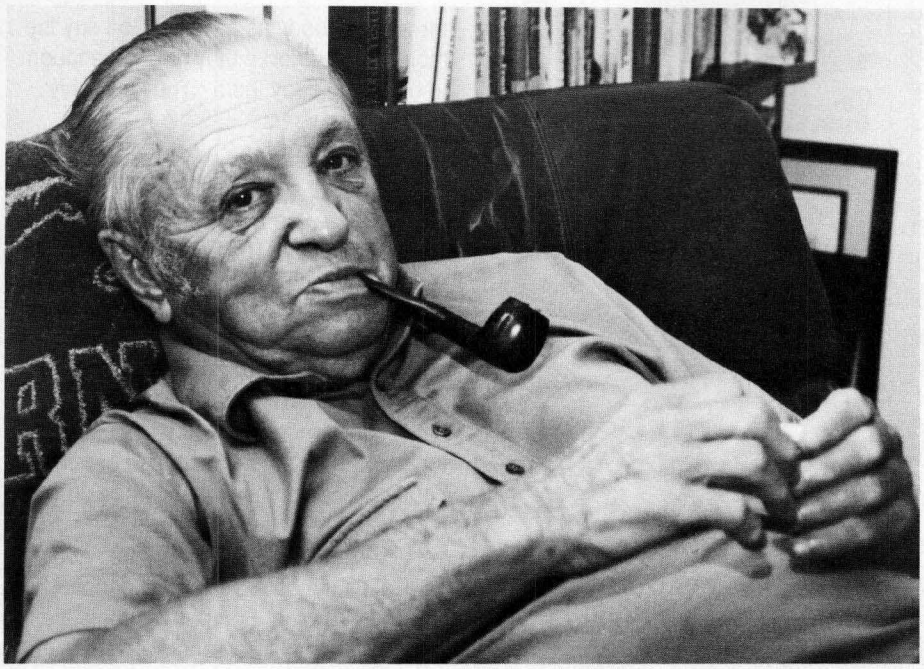
The selection above is taken from the new book *Collected Letters of John Randolph of Roanoke to Dr. John Brockenbrough 1812-1833*, edited by Kenneth Shorey (Copyright 1988, Transaction Publishers) It is the initial volume in *The Library of Conservative Thought Series* edited by Russell Kirk. Copies are available from Transaction Publishers, Rutgers—the State University, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903. *The Southern Partisan* is grateful to the publisher for granting permission to reprint these excerpts. ✪

PARTISAN

Conversation

Remembering The Bear

"Football is more or less a religion" in the South, according to Alabama sports writer Alf Van Hoose, who is the subject of our Partisan Conversation. If so, Bear Bryant is our patron saint and Mr. Van Hoose knew the Bear well. We also offer a brief interview with Paul Bryant, Jr. and a few other surprises in this special section which (not coincidentally) comes out in September, the beginning of the 1989 football season.



Alf Van Hoose, a native of Cuba, Alabama, is the sports editor of the *Birmingham News* in Birmingham, Alabama. He has been with the paper since 1947. Mr. Van Hoose is a veteran of World War II, serving in General Patton's Third Army. As a young staff writer he was statistician for the Southeastern Conference. He has held the position of sports editor for the last twenty years, except for three months in 1966 when he served as a war correspondent in Vietnam.

Partisan: What do you think makes Southern football so different from football in the rest of the country?

Van Hoose: Well, Southern football first caught the national imagination in 1925 with Alabama's first Rose Bowl team. A Southern team went out west and beat a Pacific coast team, Washington.

Then Alabama established a tradition of winning football and it became a source of great pride for Alabamians. Alabama has been able to maintain this tradition ever since with only a couple of down periods. For Alabama people, football is more or less a religion. Shortly after, other teams also became competitive: Tennessee, Georgia Tech, Georgia, Auburn, and LSU.

Partisan: Why would you say that football is so popular in the South whereas baseball and basketball are more popular in the North?

Van Hoose: It is because of the success of Southern football teams more than anything else. People want to be associated with success, like Yankee baseball once was. People like to gather around people that win.

Partisan: Who would you say is the greatest football player that the South has produced?

Van Hoose: Well, there are so many categories.

On offense, Bo Jackson at Auburn was probably the most spectacular, but the all around most effective runner, the guy that decided more football games than any other, was Hershel Walker at Georgia.

In quarterbacks, the South has been blessed with so many. Of course the most colorful one comes quickly to mind, Joe Namath at Alabama. But Namath wasn't the winner at Alabama that Kenny Stabler was. In fact, if I had to choose the quarterback that would win a football game, I'd have to say: "Give it to the Snake Man!" But there have been so many outstanding quarterbacks. Florida had Steve Spurrier, Auburn had Pat Sullivan (both won Heisman's), and then there was the most spectacular quarterback that the South has ever had, Archie Manning at Old Miss.

In defensive players, Reggie White at Tennessee in this era, and John Hanna at Alabama.

But if you had to take one guy to build a football team around, it would have to be a quarterback and I'm sure that it would be Kenny Stabler.

Partisan: Do you prefer a running-oriented game or a passing style offense?

Van Hoose: Most teams that win at the professional, college or high school level are teams that can *run* the football. There are very few passing teams that sustain consistency over a season. Now professional football is entertainment. You *have* to throw it—and you do everything to protect the quarterback and the receivers.

You have to have balance, but if you have a good running game you can always gain yardage. If you have a good passing game, sometimes you can't go. I think running games are sounder.

Partisan: Just three yards and a cloud of dust, huh?

Van Hoose: Well, they say that about the Wishbone offense, but you look at the end of the game and the Wishbone team has gained over 400 yards! Sometimes it is more than three yards, it's more like 15 yards and dust!

Partisan: Georgia's very good at that!

Van Hoose: Vince Dooley emphasized the running game and was very successful with it.

Partisan: There have been numerous suggestions on how to improve college football.

For example, one recommendation is that athletic dormitories (dorms specifically set aside for athletes) be abolished. According to an article in one sports magazine, such dormitories create an isolated atmosphere that fosters misbehavior. What do you think?

Van Hoose: I think that is ridiculous. It depends on the way the school administers the dorm. I work for a newspaper, we have *one* building. The reason the athletes *are* all together is it is easier to control them and keep discipline. Those halls are not barred from other students entering,

TOP 20

Alf Van Hoose, who was Bear Bryant's favorite sports writer, gave us his picks for the Top 20 teams in the South this year. The *Southern Partisan's* editors, far less expert in these matters, boldly selected our predicted Top 20. Betting readers should probably stick with Alf.

Alf's Picks	*Partisan's* Picks
1. Florida State	1. Auburn
2. Oklahoma	2. Florida State
3. Auburn	3. Arkansas
4. Arkansas	4. Clemson
5. Clemson	5. Oklahoma
6. Houston	6. Alabama
7. Miami	7. Louisiana State
8. Louisiana State	8. Florida
9. Texas A&M	9. Georgia
10. Southern Mississippi	10. North Carolina State
11. Virginia	11. Texas A&M
12. Kentucky	12. Houston
13. Alabama	13. Tennessee
14. North Carolina State	14. Southern Mississippi
15. Baylor	15. Kentucky
16. Tennessee	16. Virginia
17. Duke	17. South Carolina
18. Louisville	18. Texas
19. Florida	19. Duke
20. South Carolina	20. Louisville

and the players can socialize with everybody else in the off-hours. They eat there and there is a certain togetherness that is very vital to a team. I'm *for* them. I've been in this business 40 years and I've found that the proper administration of athletic dorms is the key.

Partisan: Another suggestion is that freshmen should be ineligible to play.

Van Hoose: That's difficult when we demand so much quality in our football programs.

Let me explain. When I first started sports writing right after World War II, there was no limit on how many football players a coach at a Division I school could sign. I remember one year Paul Bryant was at Kentucky and Neyland was at Tennessee and one gave 150 scholarships and the other gave 160. What that amounted to was a gigantic trial field, because they weren't going to keep that many. They weeded out the mediocre ones, and kept the best ones and that was more or less true throughout the Southeastern Conference and throughout the Midwest.

Over the years athletic scholarships have been cut. Today the number is down to 25 scholarships per year. Now 25 per year, multiplied by 4 years is 100. If you knock out freshmen, that leaves 75 on a squad, and you'll always have some injuries. That's just not enough to build the depth necessary to maintain a quality program.

You also have to remember that football players usually make good citizens. The percentage of successful people that come out of athletics is a lot higher than the student body as a whole. So I say the more, the merrier! If they're good enough to play, why deny them? They can only play for four years.

Partisan: Another suggestion being put forward is for the National Football League (NFL), to start a "farm system" or a minor league (like baseball) so that athletes that don't belong in college or don't want to be there won't have to go to college.

Van Hoose: That discussion has been going on for over 40 years. But as long as the NCAA is composed of honest, conscientious people who want to do what is best for the college athlete, I see no validity to that. Duke is graduating about 90% of its football scholarship people. So is Kentucky. Most Southern schools are graduating a high percentage of their football scholarship people. A lot more *good* comes out of an athlete going to college than a farm system would give us.

Partisan: In addition to plans to improve the discipline in college football, there have been plans to improve its efficiency. What do you think about the possibility of a combination bowl/playoff system to determine a national champion?

Van Hoose: First of all, I am a football fan, and therefore I would like to see a championship playoff. But second, I am a believer in tradition, and have a certain loyalty to people who have established traditions that have been healthy for football.

Bowls are a perfect example. I think the bowls have earned a place in Americana. There are eighteen cities across the country (Birmingham is one of them) composed of civic-minded citizens who get together and promote a bowl. These people have earned a place in the sport and I don't want to see anything done that would spoil the bowl structure. However, I would like to see a four-team playoff after the bowls in head-to-head competition. I think it could be worked out. It could be a college "super bowl".

Partisan: A four-team playoff to take place after the bowls?

Van Hoose: Yes, using the bowl games as an elimination tournament, so to speak, to determine four teams to play off for the national championship.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

Interview With Paul Bryant, Jr.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Paul Bryant, Jr. is the son of a legend. He shares with us some vivid memories of his father and some of his own observations about the South. Mr. Bryant is a successful Alabama businessman and we were happy to discover that he is one of *The Southern Partisan's* original subscribers.

Partisan: What is it like to be a "Southern Partisan" in Alabama these days?

Bryant: Well, you can certainly be a Southern partisan and a Southern conservative, without being a racist.

I am worried about our conservative politicians who are afraid to be identified with the flag. But they did vote to keep the flag on the Alabama State Capitol Building.

Partisan: I understand that you recently did a program for the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Bryant: Yes, my subject was on the prints behind me—Currier and Ives prints and the Kurz and Allison prints. You will notice that the captions have a strong Yankee slant. The Northern side is always presented as victorious even when they lost the particular battle. I find that amusing, but I collect them also for the art value.

I took my three girls over *all* the battlefields depicted in these paintings when they were young. So many, in fact that I doubt they will feel compelled to look at many battlefields in the future!

Partisan: Have you ever traced your ancestry? I'm sure you have an interesting family.

Bryant: Well, the land grant for a relative on my father's side indicates that the land was given to him for his service in the Creek War with Andrew Jackson. He was from Arkansas. All I know about my mother's relatives is that they were active members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Partisan: I just can't resist asking you why was your father known as "the Bear"?

Bryant: There's an old story about a carnival that came to town with a wrestling bear. And Papa wrestled the bear...

Partisan: Was that a full-sized bear?

Bryant: I think the bear has grown with the story over the years!

Partisan: I understand that Coach Bryant was not an Alabamian, that he was born in Arkansas?

Bryant: Yes, back then a lot of Alabama players came from Arkansas. The state produced some of Alabama's best players.

Partisan: You father's teams won several national championships and brought a winning tradition to football at the University of Alabama. Why did your father's players perform so well for him?

Bryant: Well, you would have to ask the players, but I think it was because he inspired confidence. He made them feel that they would win. Papa often said say he was better on the people side of coaching than the strategy or tactics side. It was the people side that he mastered and which helped his teams win, more than anything else. There are coaches out there who know the strategy, but many of them neglect the people side.

Partisan: Did your father think about football all the time? Was he obsessed with it?

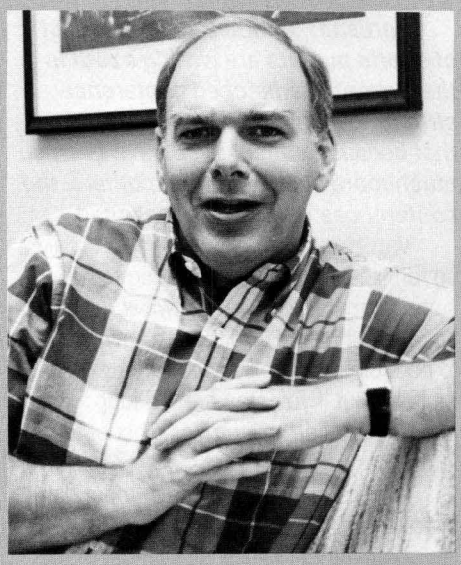
Bryant: Well, he stayed under pressure, and if he wasn't under pressure, he'd create some! He didn't have many "hobbies", and he spent a great deal of time keeping up with former players and doing things to help them. When he wasn't actually coaching, he was doing follow-up. He was very people-oriented.

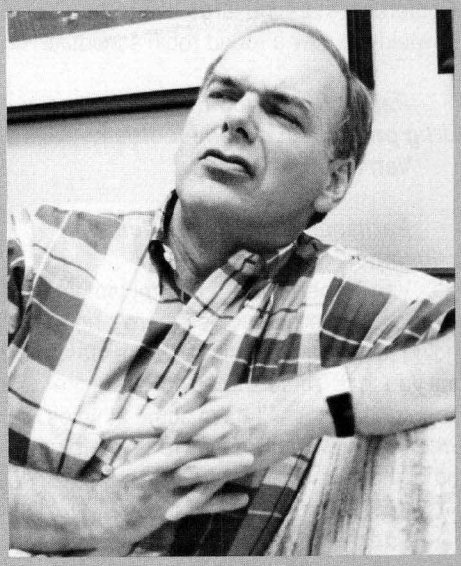
Partisan: Do you think the strain of being a head football coach at a large university was harmful to his health?

Bryant: He pushed himself very hard. His last few years as coach, when his record was involved, put a great strain on him.

Partisan: Do you know of any game that was a special victory?

Bryant: I think the first time they beat Auburn. They hadn't beat Auburn in a long time until he became coach. That game meant a lot to him.





Partisan: What's your favorite Bear Bryant story?

Bryant: One of my father's favorite stories was about former Clemson Coach Frank Howard. Howard was always accusing Papa of inflating the figures he used for his players' heights and weights. He thought Papa used the statistics psychologically, to intimidate the other team. So, Howard often said he was going to come to Tuscaloosa and check Papa's scales. So when Coach Howard came to Alabama, Papa set the scales for about 100 pounds less than accurate and invited Howard, who was pretty heavy, to try them out. Howard stepped up on the scale and it registered 180 pounds. Howard turned to Papa and said: "I apologize Bear, these scales are exactly right!"

Partisan: Another thing that a lot of sports pundits are writing about is the current mismatched conference structure. Many sports writers think that because some teams have been so much more successful than others, the conferences ought to be realigned.

Van Hoose: Well, it's hard to break up families. You're always going to have some winners and you're always going to have some losers and there always seem to be a couple of teams that are down in football. But if you stay around long enough, the tide will turn for most of those teams.

You also see suggestions about having a "Super Conference" in the NCAA, but I'm against that too, because most of the Conferences are too large and too unwieldy to play a round robin schedule.

Partisan: Do you think there is a drug problem in college football?

Van Hoose: Definitely.

Partisan: What do you think is causing it?

Van Hoose: The drug problem in football is mostly steroids. There's not going to be as much of it as there was, I'll tell you that. There's not a school in the country that doesn't have some athletes who use steroids. But they're going to get rid of those.

Partisan: What about Proposition 48 or "Prop 48". What is that?

Van Hoose: "Propositions" are laws or standards enacted by the member schools of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA), a democratic body. Through Proposition 48 the NCAA decided to raise academic standards for so-called "scholar athletes." Under Prop 48, before you can qualify for a scholarship, you have to score 15 on the ACT and 700 on the SAT. Those scores are well below the normal student average.

Academics is a factor in football, because so many fine high school athletes are not good students. It is becoming increasingly important that the high school athlete perform up to a satisfactory level academically. It is definitely affecting recruiting. For instance, Alabama has five or six of its 25 recruits this year that might not get in school because of their test scores.

"The Unconquered Truth"

According to Van Hoose...

Partisan: I watched a made for TV movie sometime last year on CBS entitled "Unconquered". It was the story of Richmond Flowers, a high school track star in Alabama in the late 1960's. According to the program, Flowers decided to reject Coach Bryant's offer to play football at Alabama to play at Tennessee because (according to the film) he didn't like the way blacks were treated in Alabama.

Toward the end of the film, Flowers announces to his mother that he is going to Tennessee for the singular purpose of beating Alabama in a football game. And sure enough, the final scene shows a football game in which Alabama under Bryant is depicted as a team composed of evil drawling rednecks and Tennessee with Flowers, a group of mature professionals. Tennessee wins the game with a one-yard touchdown run by Flowers and he is "Unconquered" by the evil segregationist state of Alabama. Was any of that true?

Van Hoose: I knew all the parties involved in that. I didn't see the movie, but I heard that it was a Hollywood dramatization that took few facts (but mostly half-truths) and sentimentalized them into a story.

Richmond Flowers went to Tennessee, but the main reason was that the track coach up there was a master recruiter. Tennessee got him for *track*. (But he also became a fine football player.) Bryant promised Flowers he would build him a new track if he would come to Alabama. Auburn did the same thing. *Track* was the key issue. We still call the track that Bryant built the "Richmond Flowers Memorial Track"! Track was Flowers' love, and Bryant was suspicious of high school athletes whose number one love was any sport besides football. The film paid little attention to the truth.

According to Bryant...

Partisan: You know it seems that the enemies of the South will try to attack our heritage using any device they can find, even football. Recently I saw a CBS TV movie entitled "Unconquered". Coach Bryant was featured in the end, losing to Tennessee.

Bryant: That movie was a total fantasy, Hollywood Fantasyland. A lot was taken out of context. An interesting thing about that whole story is that in the late 1970's there was a high school track star in Mississippi who was also highly recruited as a football player, just like Flowers. Since Flowers had been in a similar situation several years before, the Mississippi kid went to Flowers and asked him what to do. Flowers told him that after playing for Tennessee he had wanted to go to law school, and asked for help in getting accepted. But Tennessee didn't lift a finger to help him. And even though he played at *Tennessee*, he finally went to see Papa and Papa helped him get into law school at the University of Alabama. To make a long story short, Flowers told the Mississippi athlete to go to Alabama.

Partisan: But they didn't mention that in the movie.

Bryant: Of course not. That would have ruined the ballad. Now Flowers was a great player at the University of Tennessee and we were in competition with Tennessee at that time, but most of the rest of that story was baloney, it was fabricated. For example, it alleged that Alabama segregationists were behind getting his father, Richmond, Sr., the attorney general, arrested on bribery charges. But the charges were brought by the U. S. Attorney, and he was convicted of bribery in a Federal court, not in a state court!

Partisan: Do you think Proposition 48 is good or bad?

Van Hoose: I think it is very good. We've sat in many dimly lighted halls and heard academicians brag about the scholar-athlete, which is great, but now they have finally decided to make athletics and academics a partnership.

Partisan: Are there any other "Propositions"?

Van Hoose: The new buzz word is "Prop 42." It requires a certain core curriculum in high school as well as minimum standards on standardized tests.

Partisan: What do you think of the NCAA Infractions Committee that investigates violations of NCAA rules? Do you think it is fair?

Van Hoose: Very fair. It is composed of humble people who will bend over backwards. It is a tough job, but somebody has to police the game.

Partisan: In the many years you have spent covering football, has there been one great game or to make it easier, one great bowl game that stands out in your mind?

Van Hoose: There have been so many. I think a fine bowl game in which two teams just laid it all out there on the line was Alabama vs. Notre Dame in the 1974 Sugar Bowl for the National Championship. Notre Dame won 24-23. Alabama has been involved in several bowls that have decided National Championships: they beat Penn State in the Sugar Bowl in 1978 and beat Nebraska for the title in the Orange Bowl in 1966.

The Alabama-Auburn series also stands out. Often one of the teams would come into the game undefeated.

Partisan: Do you think that the Alabama-Auburn rivalry is beginning to swing in Auburn's favor now that the Bear is gone?

Van Hoose: Definitely. Auburn dominated in the mid-50's when Alabama went through a slump under a coach that didn't produce, J.B. Whitworth. Then Bryant came in '58 and stayed 25 years and he dominated. Alabama won 19 of those 25. To show just how far down Alabama was when Bryant took over, in the three years before Bryant came, Alabama had won four, lost 24, and tied two.

But in the 1980's it swung to Auburn principally because Pat Dye is one of the top five coaches in the country and will always have a conference contending team and most years a national championship contending team. I think coaching is the key.

Partisan: Who is the top coach in the South today?

Van Hoose: Pat Dye. He's a country boy who's as sharp as he can be and doesn't take himself too seriously—he's exactly what he came from: Blythe, Georgia. He's got a lot of steel in him.

However, if Jimmy Johnson [former Miami University coach, now in professional football with the Dallas Cowboys] were still in college football, he would probably be ranked above Pat. He knows where to put the guys and how to train them.

Bobby Bowden [Florida State University] is close to the top. Danny Ford [Clemson University] probably goes with that level. He's been around long enough to establish a pattern, and it has been a good one, its been a winning one. Those would be the top coaches. I don't think there's anybody else at that level.

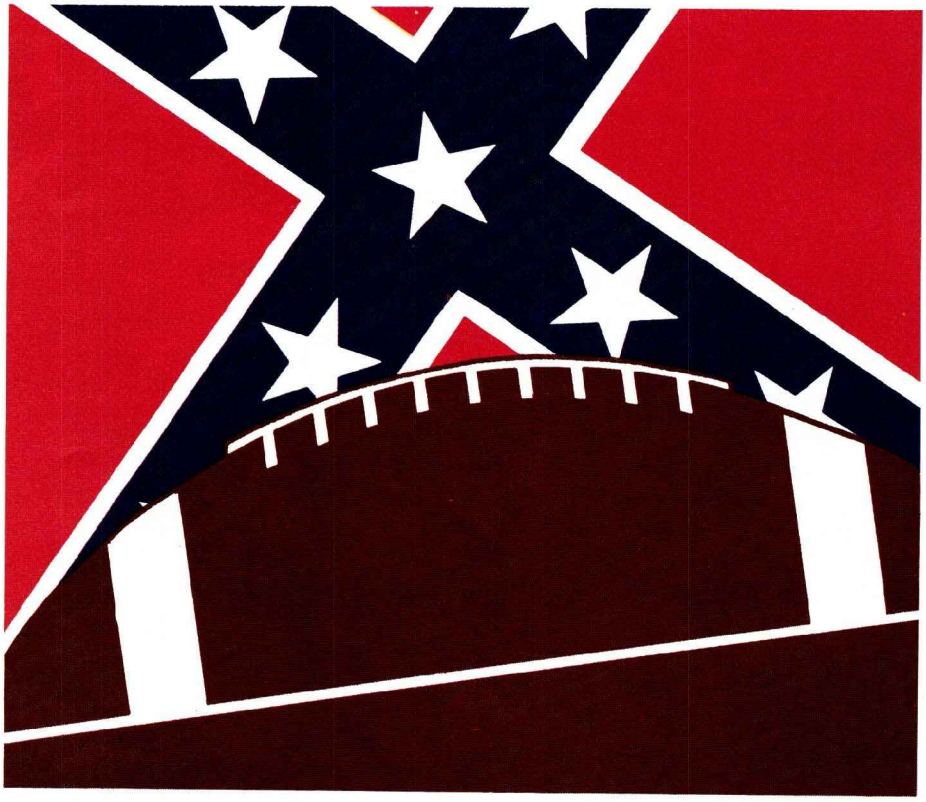
Partisan: Who would you say is the greatest football coach the South has ever produced?

Van Hoose: Paul W. Bryant. But first let me say that to me football is a coaches game. Outstanding coaches are much more important than material I think. If you get an unusually good coach, his teams will win regardless of the material he has. Now that does not diminish the importance of good recruiting, but the major ingredient is still coaching.

In addition to Paul Bryant, there was Bob Neyland who coached at Tennessee from 1928 until the mid-50's. He was just as outstanding as Bryant, but didn't play the national schedule that Bryant ultimately played. The South has had some great coaches. Other include Bobby Dodd at Georgia Tech, John Vaught at Old Miss, Wallace Butts at Georgia and, even more successful, Vince Dooley at Georgia. During other periods and at various other schools there have been some outstanding coaches.

Partisan: What was it that made him such a great coach?

Van Hoose: The test of any coach in my book is 20 years after a guy played for him, to ask the former player what the man meant to him. Then you'll get an honest picture of the coach. In that regard, Paul Bryant is on a pedestal by himself. ✪



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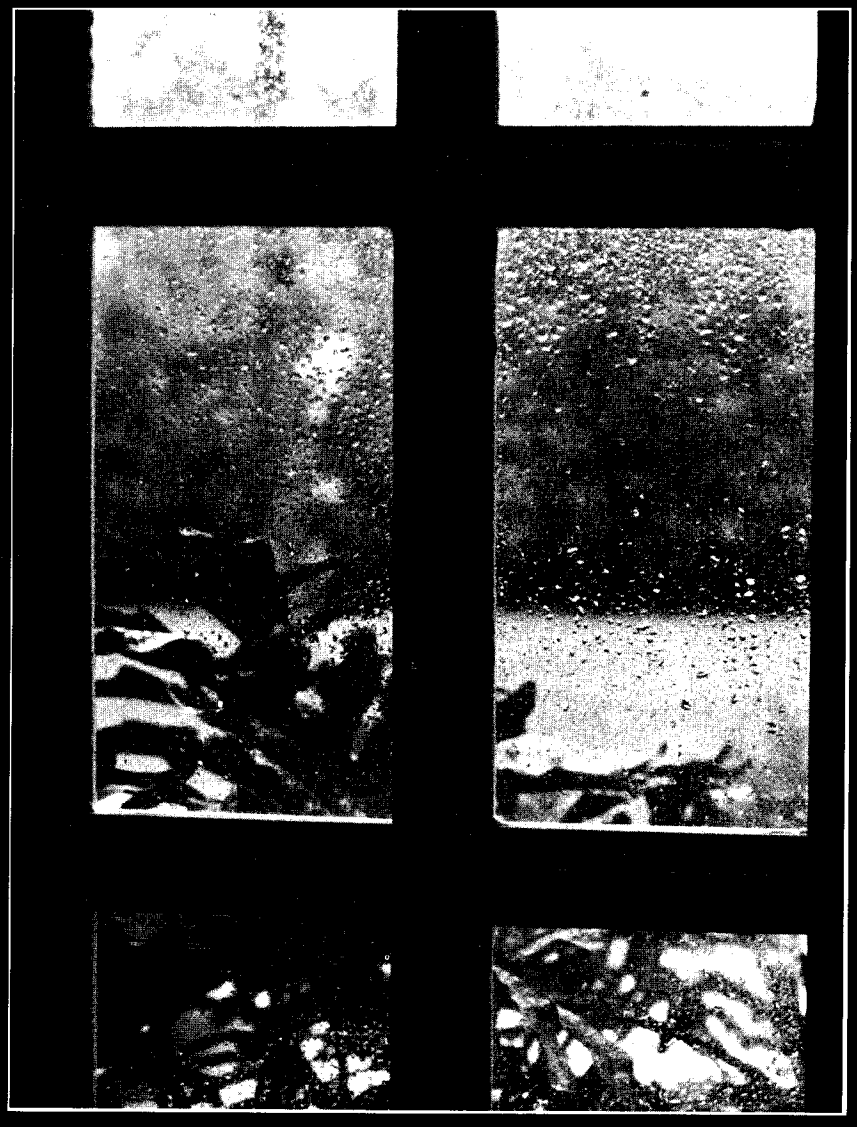

The Rain is Falling on the Ground, I Have No Husband Now.

by Robert Drake

It's dark and rainy outside, one of those days that make you think it's good to be inside, a day when you can curl in on yourself and forget about the world outside and the things you ought to be doing, all the duties and obligations and such like. A day to stay home and read *Pickwick Papers* for the umpteenth time. A good day to go down in the basement and look through all the *Life* magazines you wouldn't let them throw away when you were growing up and to house which your father finally, perhaps in desperation, built you a cabinet because no mere bookcase would do. But what a day like this elicited from my mother was usually the observation, just in passing, that "the rain is falling on the ground, I have no husband now." And no, she wasn't going round the bend or taking a sabbatical into the surreal but just recollecting something from long ago in the history of Woodville that was, she thought, still real and pertinent today. Something very funny too.

And it all had to do with an old lady who wrote occasional verse and, in her childhood, had always been the winsome tot who presented gubernatorial candidates with bouquets of flowers, accompanied by poems of her own composition, when they came to speak. I think she even presented flowers to William Jennings Bryan when he passed through Woodville one time on a special train— speaking from the rear platform of the observation car in behalf of another ill-starred Democratic candidate—Cox or Davis, I think. But I may have my chronology wrong here; she was likely too old by then. (I do know that my father heard Bryan on that occasion and never got over it: Bryan was naturally one of his heroes because he was the Great Commoner and of course he didn't drink either.) But in any case, she never left off poetic composition in later life because that was what my mother was quoting—the old woman's (she was old by then) elegy for her husband, which appeared in the local paper shortly after his death. (Of course, "elegy" or not, everybody in Woodville would just have called it an "article" and let it go at that.) It was a poem of several stanzas (and I've searched the files of our weekly paper but have never been able to find it), each of which ended with the line, "I have no husband now." And the one my mother chose to quote from seemed altogether appropriate on a dark and gloomy day.

The old lady in question was not without other colorful aspects to her character; indeed, she just seemed to be "turned" that way and such things just naturally clung to her, in a manner of speaking. For one thing, she was very deaf; and, like many deaf people, she thought you were deaf too and, as she got older, whatever she said became public property whether she intended it to or not. Her husband, who was a house painter, was deaf also; so they had few secrets from the neighbors or anybody else. And the stories about them were legion. When the old man lay dying (after a long illness which had taken its toll of the wife too—she had been up and down with him night and day), she went into the next room to lie down for some badly needed rest along toward the last. But just as she was dozing off, whoever had been minding the old man rushed in to say come quick, he's almost gone, whereupon she rose up and said, "Tell him to wait till I get my shoes on!" And when one of the most respected members of her church (she was a *staunch* Presbyterian, as people always called them—unlike a *prominent* Methodist or of course a *big* Baptist) passed on to his reward, she was right there at the door to help greet sympathizers and well-wishers when they called to pay their respects. And when she found that one of the new arrivals was some of the deceased's kinfolks from somewhere up the road, she effused (while ardently pumping his hand): "Yes, he was a good man. My Sunday School teacher for years and a good man, like I said. But he was mighty slow." And I never could figure out why this was so funny, but maybe the fact that the dead man had been an undertaker, as well as a Presbyterian elder, might have had something to do with it. One way or another, I didn't imagine he had ever been any barrel of monkeys.

The old man, her husband, had not been colorless either. Like I said, he was a house painter. And one fine spring day he was doing some work up on the roof of Miss Martha King's big old two-story house (painting the chimneys, I think). It was a big old-fashioned "antebellum" house, but the Kings usually called it a "colonial home." And that used to worry me because I had sense enough to know that whatever Indians or Redcoats might ever have been on hand around Woodville had departed long before any of the King family arrived on the scene and who did they think they were anyhow. But my mother just said let them call the house anything they wanted to: she remembered perfectly well when not all of them had shoes at the same time. Anyhow, somewhere along the line, about 1910, Miss Martha's mother-in-law (before Miss Martha married into the family) came into an inheritance and nothing would do but what she had to summon a big architect out from Memphis to do it all over in the style of the Gay Nineties or something. (Old Mrs. King said she'd been living all her life in the aftermath of the Civil War or whatever and she thought now it was time for a change.) So there it sat, with what one of our cousins called a Queen Anne front and a Mary Anne behind because the big Memphis architect never did get around to doing the back of the house, just transformed the facade, with lots of gingerbread and curlicues, and left it at that. And whether this was because the Kings ran out of money or maybe finally just didn't give a damn I never did know. In any case, the big chimneys were still right there and they needed painting. So Miss Martha called the old man (his name was Mr. Koonce) and *told* him to come do the job. She was a peremptory lady and you didn't argue with her either: she was my first Sunday School teacher and certainly left nothing to chance—unlike one scatterbrained friend of my mother's who wrote Mr. Burpee and asked him to please hurry up with her petunia seeds because her bed was ready and waiting. When Miss Martha put her hand to the plow, she didn't look back. So Mr. Koonce duly arrived and mounted his high ladder and set to work on painting the chimneys. But in the middle of it all, the telegraph operator phoned to say they had a telegram for him down there (all about the death of some cousin over in Arkansas, with the funeral to be held the next

day) and would Miss Martha please take it all down and then holler Mr. Koonce down off the roof and read it to him. And that took some doing, what with Mr. Koonce's deafness and the high March wind that was blowing to beat the band. But anyhow he finally got down. And Miss Martha, after trying tactfully to prepare him for some bad news, screamed out the telegram as loud as she could, not knowing what to expect; but Mr. Koonce didn't bat an eye, just bawled out, "Well, we've been expecting it," and climbed on back up the ladder. Miss Martha later told somebody that she had no idea what the neighbors might have thought about all the commotion but, in any case, it was certainly one of the biggest anticlimaxes of her life. The time she went all the way to Memphis to see Sarah Bernhardt act with a wooden leg and then found her doing nothing but deathbed scenes and such like, where she didn't have to get up and walk around, was nothing to it, she said.

But this is all getting away from old Mrs. Koonce and the elegy for her husband. It wasn't only my mother who would quote those concluding lines. Other women (never a man, as I recall) of her generation would sometimes allude to them—but never so appropriately, never so much in the context of actual bad weather outside. My mother didn't ever explain the lines or their source either; she just took it for granted that her auditors would know whereof she spoke. And perhaps that made them all the more dramatic—and all the funnier. Certainly, I've often found my friends in other parts of the world confused, not to say indifferent, when I've quoted the lines. What's it all about, what does it all mean, they want to know. In any case, why is it funny? And I suppose it is hard for them to understand. You may have to know the people, as we often say; even more, you may have to know the place. Because it's not just the incongruity of the lines, their ridiculousness (with the husband's death dragged in willy-nilly every time the stanzas end, sunshine or shadow, night or day) that arrests your attention. It's much more than that, in what it all tells you about the time, the place, when everyone there could say yes, that's old Mrs. Koonce again, deaf as a post and maybe never a shining star of the intellect at best. But she's hanging in there, as we now say, still doing her thing, and *surviving* and going right on with her rat-killing, as my mother used to say about whatever you regarded as your appointed and obligatory work in the world. And her husband could live or die, and the rain could come or go. But as far-fetched as it might all seem, they were all of them (Mrs. Koonce, the dead Mr. Koonce, *and* the rain) still in the act together, as were we all, and Woodville too and the whole wide world. And she was no fool and good things could come out of Nazareth. And so perhaps your laughter was not in derision but more in recognition of our common bond here with one another and finally the whole creation.

Well, that's what I think I've come to see over the years about the tale of Mrs. Koonce and the elegy. The funny thing is that I've never been able to find it in the back numbers of the newspaper. I know my mother didn't invent the whole thing: other people knew the poem too, as I've already said. But perhaps the mystery here is part of the significance too: anybody who catches (or just understands) the allusion to old Mrs. Koonce's poem is thereby certified as being approved and all right, even if he's not from Woodville. He's a good fellow and one of those who know what's funny in the world and why. (For a long time now, I've suspected that what people laugh at may tell you more about them than most anything else.) And so perhaps the quotation becomes almost a sign, a kind of freemasonry between kindred folks, a password which enables them to recognize each other and thus immediately be at ease in each other's company. And none of it has to be spelled out; there doesn't have to be any ocular proof.

So when I look out the window on a day like today, I smile because I remember the story about Mrs. Koonce and the poem.

But even more, I remember a time and a place where such knowledge told a great deal about yourself and everybody else. And none of it ever had to be explained. Do you have to be born there to understand it? Do you have to be older at twenty than many people who have died, as Faulkner's Quentin says to Shreve? Perhaps it doesn't go that far—the prerequisite for savoring this anecdote and enjoying it with others. But however and whenever you've come by it, I think you have to have some knowledge of the world, some knowledge of folks, if you're to get at it properly. And that's of course where Woodville always comes in. Woodville and all the rest. ✪

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The Americanization of James Iredell

by M.E. Bradford

James Iredell (October 5, 1751- October 20, 1799). Lawyer, jurist and political leader of North Carolina during and after the War for American Independence. Even while still in the service of King George III, a Patriot and gifted apologist for the American cause. Yet an Old Whig of the strict variety, a man of the prescription, deriving his arguments for resistance to British tyranny and for a self-governing America from the narrowest possible reading of the various colonial charters and of the history which made them. A reluctant revolutionary, finally pushed by the policies of the English Parliament and King to call for a complete break with Great Britain. Inspired in this decision by historic instances of Whig rectitude, "great examples at the time of the [1688] Revolution," of men who accepted an earlier royal abdication when it was forced upon them. A constitutionalist at every stage in his career, a man of the "fundamental law" which stands above the power of legislatures and magistrates as what is truly sovereign. Hence a mild Federalist and a leading spokesman for that position in the North Carolina ratification debates, acting out of alarm at the democratic excesses of the various state assemblies—and out of hope for a rule of law, not men. Slaveholder and pious Episcopalian. An American devotee of Edmund Burke, so "particularly partial" to that English statesman that he asked his brother in England to collect for him "everything of [Burke's] that has been published." Though clearly aware of the need for government as a check upon anarchy, of no inclination to blur the distinction between the reserved powers of "Sovereign states," and the legitimate, specified powers of the general government. Committed from the earliest moment in his career to the "country party" view of the freeman's right to defend himself against what threatens to destroy him, to take away his specific "chartered rights" transmitted to him by inheritance—and committed also to the "natural" right to survive, to stay out of the "state of nature." Saw in the United States Constitution an improvement on its British prototype, a better arrangement in the ability of the American judiciary to protect that Constitution against usurpations. According to Julius Goebel, Jr., an authority on the early constitutional history of the Republic, identified by "his continuing interest in maintaining watch and ward over the rights of the states." One of the earliest American exponents of judicial review as a way of avoiding both legislative tyranny and the despotism of a "man on horseback." Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court (1790-1799).

James Iredell was born at Lewes, Sussex County, England. He was the eldest of the five sons of Francis Iredell, a Bristol merchant, and Margaret McCulloh Iredell, originally of Dublin. Young James came to the New World in 1768 because, after his father suffered a stroke in the mid-1760's, it was necessary for the boy to leave school and accept an appointment arranged for him by his Irish cousins who owned a considerable property in North Carolina. James' salary of £30 as Comptroller of the Customs in Port Roanoke (Edenton) went directly to his parents. The boy himself lived off port fees (about £100 per annum). After presenting his credentials to the Board of Customs Commissioners in Boston, this ambitious stripling journeyed southward swiftly. There, if he had no fortune, he soon began to make one, moving in a circle of gifted friends to whom he was soon firmly attached. This circle stood behind him for the remainder of his life and defined his place in Southern society, the political life of his state and (finally) American politics at large.

In Edenton Iredell read law with Samuel Johnston—nephew of a former royal governor, the town's most prestigious citizen and later himself a governor of the state of North Carolina. In 1773 Iredell married Hannah Johnston, the sister of his mentor. In 1770 he had received a license to practice law in the lower courts of the colony. In 1771 his application to practice in the superior courts was approved. In 1774 he became Collector of the Port at Edenton. By that time he was already serving as Deputy King's Attorney for Hertford, Perquimans and Tyrrel counties.

Furthermore, because of his social skill, energy and cheerful application to business (to say nothing of his Johnston and McCulloh family connections), he had prospects of other preferment. Yet even as early as 1774, along with his brother-in-law, he had begun to drift with the rest of the Albemarle community toward a decision for resistance to abuses of British authority over the North American colonies and, finally, toward independence. Iredell understood government in North Carolina to rest on the charter given to that commonwealth by the Crown. The colony was thus under the ancient English constitution by way of George III, by the extent to which the entire English tradition was subsumed in its charter and in the operation of the common law on these shores, but not through its submission to Parliament for the direction of its internal affairs.

With the Albemarle society, Samuel Johnston and his gifted friends (Joseph Hewes, Archibald Maclaine, Hugh Williamson, John Johnston, William Hooper, Richard Caswell, and then later, Thomas Burke and William Richardson Davie) young Iredell was carried toward being self-consciously American by a process which seems, in retrospect, inexorable. Out of the service of George III (April 1776) he rose steadily toward that climactic moment in his career when, in July 1788, it fell to him to argue the principal case for the ratification of the proposed Constitution of the United States: to speak in North Carolina for that "more perfect Union" which would replace the British imperial system—as Americans understood that volatile combination in the moment of their struggle to escape from it.

Before he undertook to shape its meaning, James Iredell paid a great price for his American citizenship. He was disowned by a wealthy uncle in the West Indies—an uncle whose heir he had been. Also he lost his powerful patrons in England and Ireland. Moreover, he was cut off from his closest relations, left for many years with only a tenuous connection through the mails. Finally, he was separated from a total culture which, as he wrote the King in 1777, he continued to cherish, feeling, even in self-imposed exile, "a strong attachment to my native country." Edenton, his family and friends there, the regard for him which they expressed, made good Iredell's losses, and transformed the young attorney, as he participated fully in the public life of North Carolina, into one of the representative Southerners of his time.

Iredell's careful apologia for the American cause—a teaching which he developed in a series of essays and public letters written from 1773-1778—clearly contains a foreshadowing of what he thought should be in a constitution for the United States. In response to the Declaratory Act (1766), the Coercive Act (1774) and the "Declaration for Suppressing Rebellion and Sedition" (1775), the young lawyer from Edenton backed slowly toward the conclusion that Crown and Parliament would never agree to any restraint upon their powers of supervision over the colonies and that therefore they had forfeited all the authority over Americans they had once enjoyed. And while he was withdrawing from the King's no-longer-paternal protection, the entire Tidewater section of North Carolina, a very conservative community, was inwardly, often unknowingly, quietly, doing the same. As Professor Don Higginbotham has maintained, James Iredell wrote originally of his politics in the hope of preserving a connection with Great Britain, *and also the liberty of his neighbors* under the British constitution. In his "Essay on the Law Court Controversy," his "To the Inhabitants of Great Britain," "The Principles of an American Whig," "Causes of the American

Revolution," "To His Majesty George the Third, King of Great Britain" and "To the Commissioners of the King of Great Britain for Restoring Peace, etc...," he envisaged an empire of equal parts, like what came later with the British Commonwealth of Nations. Only a small change in the colonial pattern before 1763 was needed, but no less would serve. As early as September 1773 he had written, "I have always been taught and, till I am better informed, will continue to believe, that the Constitution of this country [North Carolina] is founded on the Provincial Charter, which may be considered the original contract between King and inhabitants." In the same spirit, looking back on relations between colonies and mother country since the first English settlement on this continent, he later informed King George III (as he withdrew his allegiance from that prince) that there would have been no Revolution "if your Majesty had disliked innovation as much as we did."

The great failing of the British system, according to James Iredell, was that it did not include a judiciary powerful enough to protect its constitution from the abusive acts of Crown and Parliament. Divided sovereignty, enforced by a judiciary speaking for an antecedent (and truly sovereign) fundamental law, provided a formula for preserving both liberty and civil order. Such an argument Iredell may have learned from his friend William Hooper, who in 1774 wrote to the young immigrant from Bristol of a hope for setting up on these shores "a British constitution purged of its impurities." But whatever its source, it is in keeping with the point of view which he affirmed throughout his public life. For well before most Americans, James Iredell came to believe that what we now call judicial review is essential to any hope for a government of laws. Functioning as a private attorney, he established the doctrine in North Carolina in the 1787 case of *Baynard v. Singleton*, and affirmed it again at every opportunity.

Looking back on a war fought more against the "700 or 800 Tyrants" of the House of Commons than the despotism of a monarch, Iredell in "An Address to the Public" wrote:

We had not only been sickened and disgusted for years with the high and almost impious language from Great Britain, of the omnipotent power of the British Parliament, but had severely smarted under the effects. We felt, in all its rigor, the mischiefs of an absolute and unbounded authority, claimed by so weak a creature as man, and should have been guilty of the basest breach of trust, as well as the grossest folly, if in the same moment, when we spurned at the insolent despotism of Great Britain, we had established a despotic power among ourselves.

Because of what he had learned as an Englishman in America, he wished no system of legislative supremacy on these shores. Instead, even with respect to North Carolina, he insisted that "it has ever been my opinion that an act inconsistent with the [state] Constitution was void, and that the judges, consistently with their duties, could not carry it into effect. The Constitution appears to me to be a fundamental law, limiting the powers of the legislature, and with which every exercise of those powers must, necessarily, be compared." In 1783 he observed, "In a Republic...the Law is superior to any or all Individuals, and the Constitution superior even to the Legislature, of which the Judges are the guardians and protectors." Legislative supremacy was an idea of democratic, doctrinaire egalitarians. And Iredell was assuredly not of that company.

What Iredell thought of the "back-country men" and ordinary fellows who, with the Revolution, injected themselves into North Carolina politics and, once there, failed to show the deference to the local gentry which had been customary he suggested in his satiric "Creed of a Rioter." Like the Regulators of 1774 (called by Iredell a "parcel of banditti) because they attacked the rule of law itself, and not just the misuse of the courts), "rioters" could best be identified by their aversion to gentlemen and preference for the natural man, by their discovery of something positive in ignorance, disreputable origin, bad manners, selfishness and resentment of every legitimate form of merit and distinction. The worst of this radical spirit was to be found "at the North" in "masses" with a "tendency...to an unmixed democracy." To the contrary, in the South there was "conservatism" in "an attachment to representative republicanism"—a view which, in those territories, "is more manifest and confirmed every day."

As a follower of Edmund Burke, what fully provoked Iredell was not revolutionary practice but a "philosophy of revolution"—a theory of revolution as a positive good, such as in 1789 flowered in France. At the end of his life Iredell told a Philadelphia grand jury that, if released to move without a check among the people, such a doctrine would destroy their country: would work to dehumanize them as did,with George III the belief in his own prerogative in releasing an anger toward Americans which allowed him to arm Indians and slaves and to summon mercenaries to kill his colonial "children." These remarks remind us of the conservatism and distance from general propositions or Jacobin enthusiasms in his contributions to the revision of the laws of North Carolina—a minimal revision, which emphasized continuity, not the changes that might

come; which, with the new North Carolina constitution, restricted the meaning of revolution there. In them we recognize the Iredell who spoke against a priori politics in the ratifying convention in Hillsborough. Moreover, they recall Iredell's impatience with the Reverend David Caldwell's suggestion in the same convention that his colleagues first draft a general statement concerning the aboriginal rights of man ("fundamental principles") and then measure the Constitution against these philosophical postulates. As a Federalist spokesman, Iredell insisted that this was not the proper method for lawgiving. In Iredell's view, to begin such deliberations with arguments from definition concerning the rights of man and then attempt to decide on the particulars of federal policy by measuring them against the generic distinctions on which delegates might agree at a higher level was to go against "the very principle that we are now met to consider of the Constitution before us." From a passionate admirer of Edmund Burke we might expect such doctrine. From Iredell one heard nothing else.

While attempting to make the old inherited law into a functioning reality in his state and to implement the conservative constitution made to support it by his brother-in-law and their friends, James Iredell accepted several offices from the government of North Carolina not long after it came into being as a free commonwealth. In 1777, Iredell became State's Attorney for Chowan County. In 1777-1778, he was briefly Judge of the State Superior Court. From 1779-1781 he accepted from Governor Richard Casswell an appointment as North Carolina Attorney General—in which labor he was obliged to confront the problems of Loyalism, invasion and peculation, while at the same time being kept away from most of his lucrative private practice. Iredell left politics behind in 1781, but continued to write and speak in behalf of stability in the public life: against the blandishments of British authorities, against violations of the treaty of peace, fiat money, suspensions of contract by law, failure to support the Continental Congress, and indifference to the inability of the general government to defend our shores. Though he liked the high spirits of the people of his state, by what he saw of political life in North Carolina he grew to be more and more suspicious of democracy and convinced that "there must be some restriction on the right of voting." "Poverty," said he, "tempts ordinary men" to vote themselves the property of their neighbors. By 1788 Iredell was a trusted figure. In that year he was selected to be President of the Council of State. Out of the same authority and from his experience in state government he performed at the top of his bent in defending the handiwork of the Great Convention.

Before Iredell moved to the front among the Federalist orators urging ratification at Hillsborough—a talented group who knew they were going to lose the vote and therefore set out to make a record and lay down a teaching, a bit of political drama which would perhaps be useful in influencing another North Carolina convention, one certain to be held at a later date—he wrote, under the name of "Marcus," another political essay, "Answers to Mr. Mason's Objections to the New Constitution Recommended by the Late Convention of Philadelphia." This piece was very well received for describing the Constitution as a moderate document presenting no danger to the South: a document promising

chiefly what the Antifederalists said suited them well enough. In the debates proper, Iredell argued as he does in answering Mason's eleven points. But in the debates he seems always to remember that his audience is not simply the surly Antifederalists, but rather the whole people of North Carolina who must be given reasons before they will agree to a federal bond stronger than what the Articles of Confederation can supply.

Iredell's rhetorical task in the July 21-August 4, 1788 convention—the first of two gathered in North Carolina "for the purpose of deliberating and determining on the proposed Plan of Federal Government" —was to put the Antifederalists between the horns of a dilemma where they must either surrender their position or admit that they anticipate a complete separation of their state from the other twelve connected to them by the Articles. There would be only one chance for admission into the Union. Of course, the Federalists, always exaggerated when they employed this "all or nothing" argument, a reading of the situation which presupposed the desire for a continuing connection of some kind still to be found in each of the states.

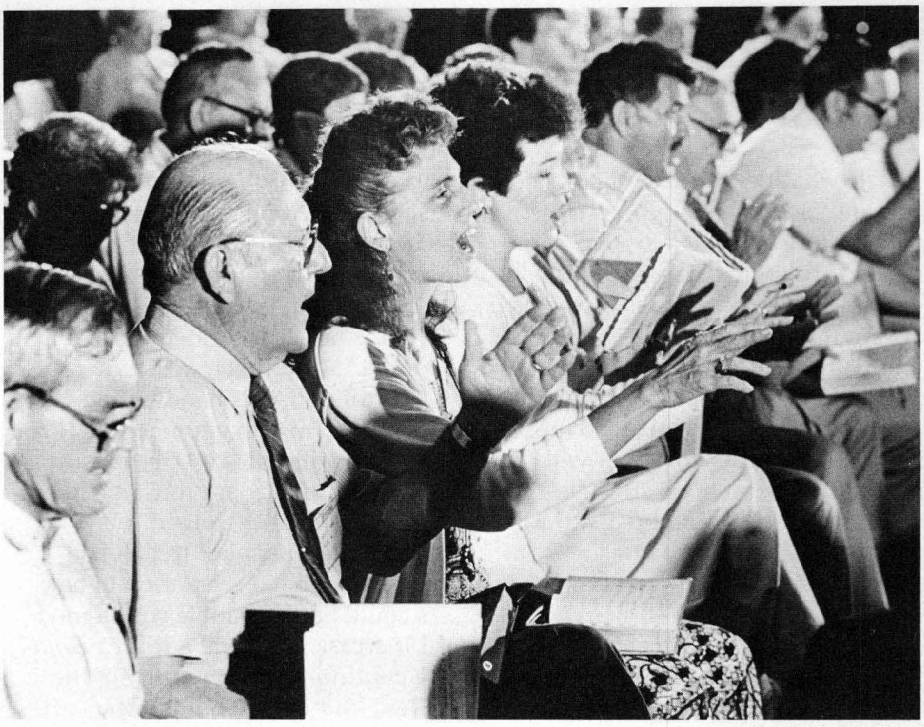
Moreover, they were of course correct in this assumption since, after defeating the Constitution in July and August of 1788, North Carolina voted for it in Fayetteville on November 21, 1789. But to insist that there were only two choices in Hillsborough was a way of cutting through all of the trivial criticism of the Great Convention and its product. The rest (and most conservative part) of his appeal was calculated to calm Antifederalist fears of overgovernment: that the Constitution might be much more of a threat to American liberties than the machinations of Whitehall; that silence concerning the restrictions upon the national authority might lead to a discovery of implied powers. Iredell as defender of the Constitution affirms that "no power can be exercised but what is expressly given." "What is not enumerated is not granted." Any citizen with "the Constitution in his hands...may see if a power claimed is enumerated. If it is not, he will know it to be a usurpation." In a "confederation" of "thirteen governments" joined "upon a republican principle," Iredell had confidence that a separation of powers could be compatible with a modest increase in federal authority *and* the continuing "sovereignty of the states." But if "anything in the Constitution tended to the annihilation of the states...it ought to excite resentment and...execration." As Justice Iredell, his opinions on these issues did not change—which made him a very difficult Federalist.

James Iredell was appointed to the High Court on February 10, 1790. The published transcript of his performance in the first North Carolina ratification debates, along with his pamphlet reply to Mason, had given him a following among Federalists throughout the country. Yet, once seated, Justice Iredell, though a great student of the law, was nothing like Chief Justice Jay of New York or Justice James Wilson of Pennsylvania; and from this distinction we learn a good deal about Southern Federalism and why it disappeared so rapidly once President Washington left office. In specific, Iredell proved himself to be very different from his Yankee colleagues on the original court. He insisted that no judicial power over "the internal policy or administration of the states" can be "pointed out" in the Constitution. In the case of *Chisholm v. Georgia*, 2 Dall.419 (1793)—the first important reconsideration of the meaning of the federal system made by the judiciary after the Constitu-tion had been adopted—Iredell stood alone. The issue in this matter was the desire of a South Carolina citizen to sue the state of Georgia. The other justices answered that Mr. Alexander Chisholm had a protected federal right to have his case heard. Iredell, speaking before his colleagues, denied that there were implied powers to cover such a claim and concluded "every state in the Union in every instance where its sovereignty has not been delegated to the United States, I consider to be as completely sovereign, as the United States are in respect to powers surrendered;...each state in the Union is sovereign as to all the powers reserved." To this language Iredell added that it was the function of Congress to set limits to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court—an issue much debated in our day. He was the first of the great judicial defenders of the strict view of our Constitution.

In his last years James Iredell warned his young kinsmen against the temptations of deism, labored to help his family, put his house in order and reflected on that moment when "we shall be examined into a place where one day kings and subjects" shall be considered together on the basis of a single moral law. In quiet and without "dread," he met his death at Edenton, in the house he had built for his wife and is buried with the Johnstons at their home, Hayes plantation. In his rectitude, caution and firmness he resembles the Southern Whigs of the 1860's who, after doing what they could to sustain the Union, joined their neighbors in secession when Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 troops and promised an invasion of the "rebellious" South. ✪

M.E. Bradford is a distinguished political philosopher and professor at the University of Dallas.

CRITICUS *ON TOUR*



—The Birmingham News

10th Annual Sacred Harp Singing Convention Birmingham, Alabama

by Charles Scott Hamel

They came from Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, Alabama, Washington, D.C., Georgia, South Carolina and other states for three days of singing, fellowship and food at the lOth Annual Sacred Harp Convention in Birmingham, Alabama June 16-18,1989 at Samford University.

Sacred Harp music must be one of the most closely guarded secrets in the USA today, but then maybe some of the best things in life should be that way.

Musically, Sacred Harp is four-part *a capella* choral music for church congregational use. It is also called "shape note" music because the notes of the musical scale are printed in different shapes to make it easy for amateur singers to learn the music.

The tradition began in colonial New England before the Revolution and was spread by travelling singing masters. The music spread South after the turn of the century because it no longer found a hospitable home in New England, where it was considered "old-fashioned" by European-oriented musicians such as Lowell Mason (a transcendentalist, incidentally). New England trend-setters rushed to "reconstruct" their compatriots' musical taste. However, shape note music found a ready welcome in the rural South where it still flourishes today, albeit to a lesser degree. I'll have more to say on the question of the survival of this tradition further on.

Those accustomed to l9th century hymnody will initially be in for a rude shock. Instead of major thirds, the music is peppered with fourths and fifths, giving it the sound of 14th and 15th century European music. But it's bracing and invigorating, makes you use your ears like a man and once you get hooked on it you can't let it go. That's what keeps devotees of the music coming back again and again to National Conventions and driving hundreds of miles to attend singings at small rural churches out in the countryside.

As for the lyrics, the theology of the hymn texts is Calvinistic. There is a strong emphasis on the personal salvation experience; there are severe warnings to young

people to lead clean and virtuous lives and many hymns stress the transitory nature of our existence. Interestingly and curiously, some of the hymns with the most severe texts often are set to jaunty toe-tapping tunes.

But now let's take a closer look at what went on at the National Convention. Every day the participants assembled at about 9:30 a.m. on the stage of the Wright Fine Arts Center and each session opened with a prayer; then different "leaders" were called upon to direct a song.

Standing in the famous hollow square formed by the participants, the "leader" receives the sound of the music from all directions, almost in quadraphonic fashion. He intones the key of the hymn, then everyone sings the entire piece through, first in the Fa, Sol, La solmization syllables, afterwards with the words.

The morning session lasted about 2 1/2 hours, followed by a lunch or rather a dinner break. There's no reason for anyone to starve at a Sacred Harp gathering because the ladies for each of the 3 days the convention met put on a sumptuous Southern repast of the kind which keeps 400-pound Baptist preachers (and many of the rest of us too) fully satisfied.

The last few minutes of the final session were devoted to a brief memorial service for those who had passed away in the previous year. With that the Convention officially ended but the Alabama Folklife Festival was in progress in Linn Park in downtown Birmingham and there was a slot in the program for Sacred Harp singing so a number of us boarded a bus driven by the amiable Gene Black, Dean of Samford's School of Music, went downtown and sang before a large audience casually assembled on the grass in the park. They took to the music immediately.

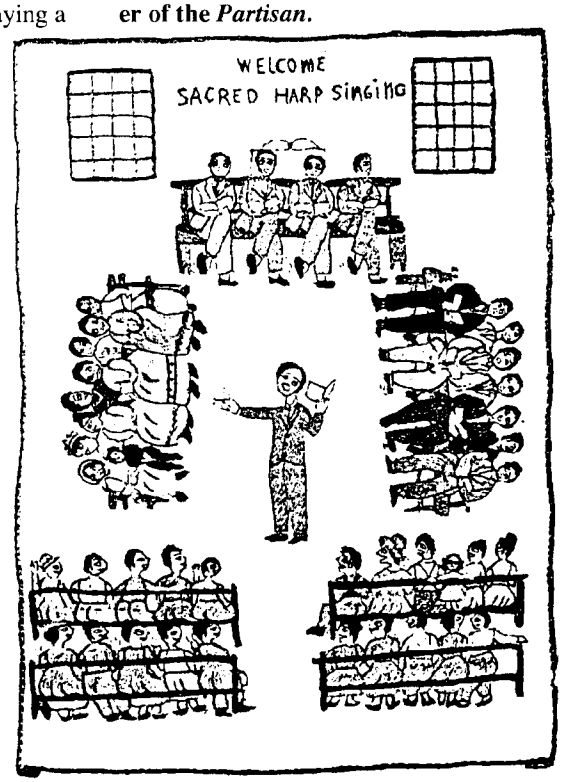
Thus another Sacred Harp Convention came to a close. We all went our separate ways, feeling aesthetically, spiritually, and musically refreshed.

No account of the Sacred Harp tradition would be complete without saying a few words about Hugh McGraw, the Executive Secretary of the Sacred Harp Publishing Company which publishes the songbook used (the Denson book) at many Sacred Harp singings. (There are other songbooks too but this subject of different songbooks would require separate treatment.) "Mr. Hugh" is a splendid convention organizer and pacesetter as well as being a first-class gentleman.

In addition to his work with the Sacred Harp, Mr. McGraw has established The National Sacred Harp Foundation, a tax-exempt organization whose purpose, among other things, is to keep the tradition of Sacred Harp singing alive and to get young people interested. The Foundation is housed in an attractive building and serves as a clearinghouse for all Sacred Harp activities. A twenty-five dollar tax deductible donation (Box 1828, Carrollton, Georgia 30117) will get you on the mailing list, so that you can keep in touch with what's going on across the South in shape note singing.

Finally, it is appropriate to note (no pun intended) that "Mr. Hugh" closed out the 1989 Sacred Harp Convention by telling the group that a gentleman from Massachusetts had donated a large sum of money to Massachusetts enthusiasts of shape note singing for travelling expenses. However, this money was to be used solely for travelling south because it was in the South that Massachusetts Sacred Harp singers were most hospitably received! ✪

Charles Scott Hamel is the publisher of the *Partisan*.



CRITICUS BOOKS

A History in All Men's Lives:

Book Review by Charles Goolsby

A Turn in the South

by V.S. Naipaul
New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1989. 307 pp. $18.95

AUTHOR V.S. NAIPAUL

"For almost two centuries," writes M.E. Bradford in *Why the South Will Survive*, "Southerners have found a predictable source of diversion in watching the curious outsiders or visitors who are busily watching them." Among the more celebrated foreigners known to have taken a turn in the South since the Revolution of '76 are Frenchmen Francois-Jean Marquis de Chastellux, Alexis de Tocqueville, and George Clemenceau; the Russian nobleman Pavel Svin'in; the Cuban patriot Jose Marti, Austrian novelist Karl Postl; Britain's Frances Trollope, Fanny Kemble, James Bryce and H.G. Wells; and Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal. Their commentaries fill many volumes and are often so influenced by New England's jaundiced view ("Boston is what I would have the whole United States to be," said Charles Dickens) that most Southerners are startled, as Professor Bradford notes, at the "uncalculating surprise taken at our conduct" by foreign observers "with no axe to grind."

Such an observer is Vidiadhar Surajprasad Naipaul. Born of Hindu ancestry in the former British colony of Trinidad, Naipaul states from the outset that "New York and New England . . . were essentially all that I knew of the United States." Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery* had influenced him profoundly in his childhood. He had written movingly of the pain and humiliation he had known in racially segregated Trinidad. His twenty major works of fiction and non-fiction had dealt candidly yet sympathetically with emerging societies of the post-colonial world. And he notes that from the moment he first determined to write on the American South, he had intended to focus on what he assumed to be the region's defining characteristic — racial division. "I didn't know then that that issue would quickly work itself out during the journey, and that my subject would become that other South — of order and faith, and music and melancholy — which I didn't know about . . ."

In "that other South" Naipaul recognizes a traditional society under assault by the modern world — a society not fundamentally different from those he has spent a lifetime observing. "Music and community, tears and faith," writes Naipaul of Nashville's "Grand Ole Opry". "I felt I had been taken, through country music, to an understanding of a whole distinctive culture, something I never imagined existing in the United States." What makes this culture "distinctive" for Naipaul is not, after all is said and done, race relations, but rather those "permanent things" that all Southern-ers black, white, or brown can share — a land, a history, and a faith.

Naipaul's first approach to the South is to two very separate communities — communities as separate as black and white. The invitation comes from Howard, a black expatriate Southerner living in New York. Naipaul is struck by the fact that Howard has something that his deracinated co-workers and Naipaul himself lack: "a patch of the earth he thought of as home, absolutely his." This obstinate identification with the land of one's birth, the land in which fathers and brothers lie buried, fascinates Naipaul. Through the

eyes of Howard's mother, Naipaul sees a North Carolina country town as it was thirty years ago, when large numbers of blacks (and whites) still lived on and worked the land. Naipaul observes in his black hosts a profound sense of loss as old and young together survey this "landscape of small ruins." Yet Howard is as unwilling to return to the black community of his youth as he is to share the community life of Harlem. "Most people in Harlem are angry," says Howard, "which leads me to believe I was born in the wrong town."

Anger and alienation, not only from place but in time, is a leitmotif throughout Naipaul's writings. In *A Turn in the South* he refers again and again to the "unmentionable past" which is everpresent in the mind of the South. "I hardly think about my own past," Howard's mother tells Naipaul. Her son adds that he "can hardly remember the past." Yet Naipaul finds the past directing most of the conscious and unconscious actions of black Southerners. It is evident in the "ritualized" protest march to Forsyth County, directed at events of more than seventy years ago; in the "time warp" of the Tuskegee Institute, and in the resentment of many blacks towards newly arriving Latino, Asian, and black Caribbean immigrants. Naipaul clearly indicates that only by coming to terms with its past, can Southerners hope to restore community. As Allen Tate warned:

> When the regional man, in his ignorance . . . assumes that the present moment is unique, he becomes the provincial man. He cuts himself off from the past, and without benefit of the fund of traditional wisdom approaches the simplest problems of life as if nobody had ever heard of them before.

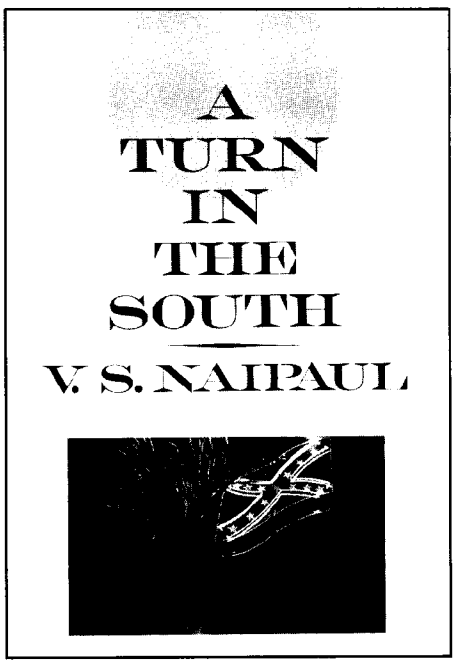
Southerners, Tate argued, were once securely protected against provincialism in time by their regional consciousness.

Among White Southerners, Naipaul finds that regional consciousness endures despite the impact of television, highways, and the modern industrial economy.

"Not a day had passed since I had come to the South" he writes, "without my reading in the newspapers about General Sherman, or hearing about him on television." In the Confederate Memorial on the grounds of the South Carolina state capitol, Naipaul sees a "religion of the past."

> Grief and the conviction of a just cause; defeat going against every idea of morality, every idea of the good story, the right story, the way it should have been: the tears of the Confederate Memorial are close to religion, the helpless grief and rage (such as the Shias know) about an injustice that cannot be rehearsed too often.

Identification with the land and its past is as painful and inescapable for Southern whites, in Naipaul's understanding, as for blacks; "And that very special Southern past," he writes, "and cause, could be made pure only if it was removed



from the squalor of the race issue." Naipaul's observations bear out C. Vann Woodward's contention that the South's historical consciousness makes it the most distinctive region of the United States. History cannot be the only basis of community, but it is essential to the identity of a people.

In the folkways of the "rednecks," as described to him by novelist Eudora Welty, Naipaul finds a familiar traditional culture. Even the sometimes savage lynch violence for which Southern poor whites were famed was not the aimless violence of today's urban jungle, but violence within a strict and comprehensible code. Naipaul recalls that "in the Indian countryside of my childhood in Trinidad there were many murders and acts of violence, and these acts of violence gave the Trinidad Indians . . . a fearful reputation. But to us to whom the stories of murders and feuds were closer, other things were at stake. The family feuds or the village feuds had to do with the idea of honor." Putting himself inside the minds of Southern "rednecks" brings Naipaul to an understanding of Southern race relations — relations he once found so shocking that it "made me close my mind to the South." Such views of Southern society are not welcomed in the pages of the *New York Review of Books* and it comes as no surprise that the American literary establishment finds Naipaul's Southern writings "disappointing" and "uninspired."

It is in religion that Naipaul finds the South's truly distinctive character. As Eric Voegelin stated the problem, "Every society is burdened with the task, under its concrete conditions, of creating an order that will endow the fact of its existence with meaning in terms of ends divine and human."

The South inherited its order from Christian Europe and continues to hold it with a fanaticism that Naipaul finds in Shia Islam and Hindu religion. "In no part of the world had I found people so driven by the idea of good behavior and the good religious life. And that was true for Black and White." In religion Naipaul discovers the binding tie of Southern community. Contemplation of a restored community seems to awaken in the author a nostalgia for a community and a faith he once shared. Clues are provided in the book's inscription: "There is a history in all men's lives figuring the natures of the times deceased." The dedication is to his father "in ever renewed homage." Naipaul also states that his first travel book was about the former slave colonies of the Caribbean and South America. "It seemed to me fitting that my last travel book — travel on a theme — should be about the old slave states of the American Southwest." Thus, V.S. Naipaul's "turn in the South" is a turning back to his own beginnings, to the land and faith of his fathers. He recognizes something in the South that brings him a full knowledge of himself. This is the very action of tragedy, the action that reveals the hero. ✪

Charles Goolsby is a fourth generation Texan serving an indeterminate sentence in Washington, D.C. He is an editorial writer for the Voice of America and the producer/host of 'The Bookman's Corner' on Channel 33 in Arlington, Virginia.

CRITICUS BOOKS

DOCUMENTING DIXIE: From Hype to Type

Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past.

—T.S. Eliot

Oh who can divide dream from reality, day from night, night from dawn, memory from illusion. **Danilokis, "The Legend of the Sleepers,"**
—The Encyclopedia of the Dead **(1989)**

The Encyclopedia of Southern Culture.

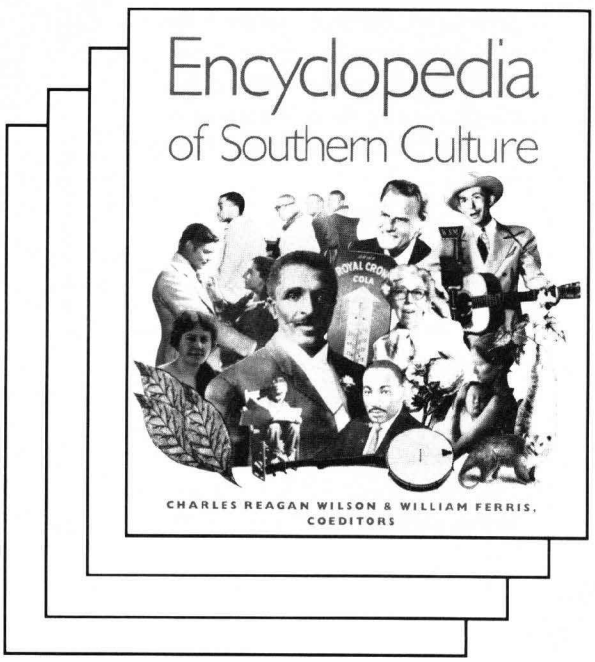
Coedited by Charles Reagan Wilson and William Ferris.

1,634 pages.
University of North Carolina Press.
$49.50

A Review by Tommy Rogers

Proscriptively hailed coast to coast—*New York Times* to *Los Angeles Times*— the appearance of the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture* must reach a new high for fanfare attendant to a university press publication. With credits reminiscent of the marquee of a 1950's movie— ten years in the making and $400,000 in cost — the Encyclopedia has been a publishing *event* from hype to type.

A natural for a syncretic uniting of commerce and conversazione, the gala events hailing the *Encyclopedia* have ranged from a 1,200-person Washington dinner in the Senate Caucus Room to an Oxford (Mississippi) street party to a July 28th Southern ambrosia fete at Hal and Mal's — a restaurant-bar rehabilitation of a warehouse only a few yards from Mississippi's Old Capitol — where co-editors Ferris and Wilson sat at a table in the oyster bar facing a campaign poster of arch-segregationist Governor Ross Barnett (1960-1964) and signed copies of the *Encyclopedia* for a steady queue of purchasers.



The *Encyclopedia* has made 1989 annus mirabilis for Ferris and Wilson, who has been designated the "Diderot of Dixie" by the *New York Times*. A selection of both the Book-of-the-Month and History Book Clubs, the Encyclopedia has doubtless already made its editors the two most renowned academic figures in Mississippi.

The Center for the Study of Southern Culture, of which Ferris is head, offers a bachelor's degree and the nation's only graduate degree in Southern studies. Ferris has been quoted as saying that, before the Center was established, "scholars had to leave the South to study it." One almost imagines that, by definition, only those who repudiated the South *could* study it with acceptable legitimacy (Gunnar Myrdal objectivity).

The *Encyclopedia* is a mind field of information about Southern cultural patterns and their historical development. Avoiding overemphasis on political and religious figures, the *Encyclopedia* is not a mere nomenclature of Confederate gener-

als and their horses, nor is it an onerous parade of gubernatorial nonentities. Unlike the *Encyclopedia of the South* (Facts on File, 1985, a standard format A to Z presentation of people, places, events) this *Encyclopedia's* organizational format is a selection of circa 1,300 entries by 800 contributors subsumed under 24 major subject categories ranging from Agriculture to Women's Life. Thematic section overviews of 3,000 to 6,000 words are followed by alphabetized topical treatments of events, areas, concepts, and fictional and real characters, interrelated by cross references. The result makes the book easy to thumb through as well as to research predetermined subjects.

Good points abound. The *Encyclopedia* is simultaneously eclectic and specific, thus meeting two criteria a credible encyclopedia must exhibit. It gives a great deal of information on research and research trends, on historiography, on the hermeneutics by which the world and its actors and events are assessed and interpreted. Even though certain features of the Southern experience are assessed with pejorative casuistry by some contributors, still they often penetratingly discuss topics with valuable insights, even if the format is a presentation from which to contrast the more enlightened view.

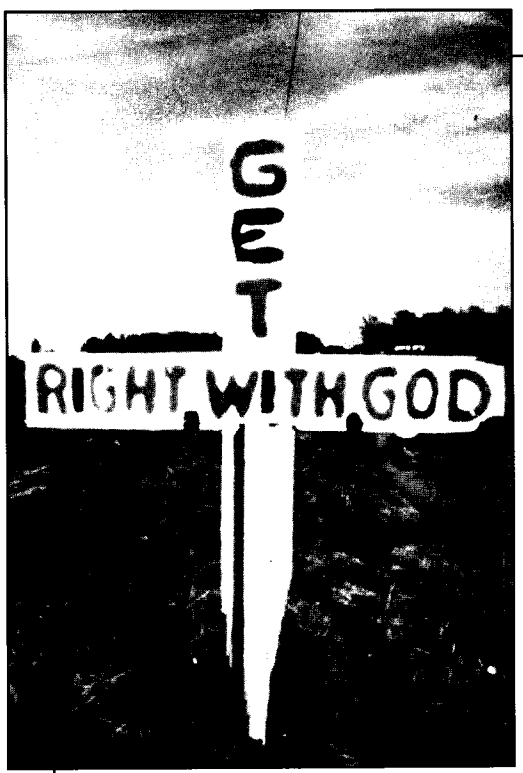
Wilson ("Reconstruction") for example, preaches the new mythology of Reconstruction as positive purgative, but he also gives the "mythic view" of rapacious carpetbaggers and scalawags, and artfully contrasts that with his "enlightened" version. Dennis Owen's "Christian Academies" gets the essence right that these indigenous expressions of educational hegemony are based on the philosophical premise that parents have the exclusionary right and responsibility to oversee the educational destiny of their children. The "'Moonlight and Magnolias' Myth," by Earl Bargainnier, in which the South before the War of Northern Aggression was recognized to have been an Eden wherein, in Thomas Nelson Page's words, "even the moonlight was richer and mellower," makes the significant point that media license which has added sex, miscegenation and sadism gives the myth an uncouthness which "derives as much from this transformation as from weakness in the original myth and says much more about the changes in the way both southerners and non-southerners have looked at the antebellum South for the past 100 years."

Wilson's entry on "Place, Sense of" captures some of the meaning of sense of place—albeit he includes the notion of "keeping the Negro in his place." His articles on "Automobile" and "Roadside" are masterful, and his sensitive assessment of changes in the South in the "History and Manners" section is possibly as fine an exposition as could be done. Even his entry on "Confederate States of America" is done well. And if Wilson states that the Confederate fighting men of Bruce Catton's heroic elegy were motivated by what "seemed like basic human concerns — freedom, home, family, the land and racial solidarity," this does not obscure the fact that this *was* precisely what our Southern kin of yesteryear felt, or that it is precisely why their long rifles spoke in answer to the more accelerated Springfield's carried by invading representatives of an alien zeitgeist. And if Wilson feels that the Confederate nation aimed at preserving a traditional life that only "seemed" threatened by outside forces of mes-sianic evil, that does not in the least detract from the weighty and graceful mode by which the records the fact that the Confederate States of America...

...stands as the supreme statement of the southern desire for self-determination. The Confederacy...did not attempt a utopian transformation for the future but represented instead a conservative [philosophically idealistic or organic rather than Enlightenment instructed] political revolution [restorative devolution] aimed at preventing social and economic changes in its fundamental institutions. Orators emphasized not race but the issues of self-determination, localism, righteous holiness, and constitutional rights...

Parsimony combined with elegant and pregnant diction characterizes such *Encyclopedia* entries as John Vlach's "Get Right With God," a commentary on the terse roadside testimonials that set forth fundamental tenets of Christianity and merit second-level analysis rather than knee-jerk dismissal as a pasquinade. Harry P. Owens, "Streams and Steamboats," almost puts the readers *envoyage*. Alice Crozier's treatment of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is magnificent. David Corbin's "Appalachia, exploitation of" discusses the plutocracy, landholding patterns, and exploitation by business through ploitical clout, while his item "Workers's Wives" tells about the women who felt the abuses of company vassalage in the coal and textile industries. John H. Leith's long article on the cultural impact of Calvinism, and William I. Hair's ("Marxist History") focus on interpretations of Southern history from a Marxist perspective, are excellent analytical arti cles. The Vanderbilt Agrarians, individually and collectively, are treated with sensitivity and respect, and the importance of their ethic is recognized.

Articles such as Mark Smith on "Phillips, U.B."; William Pratt on



Roadside Sign, Mississippi Delta, 1968.

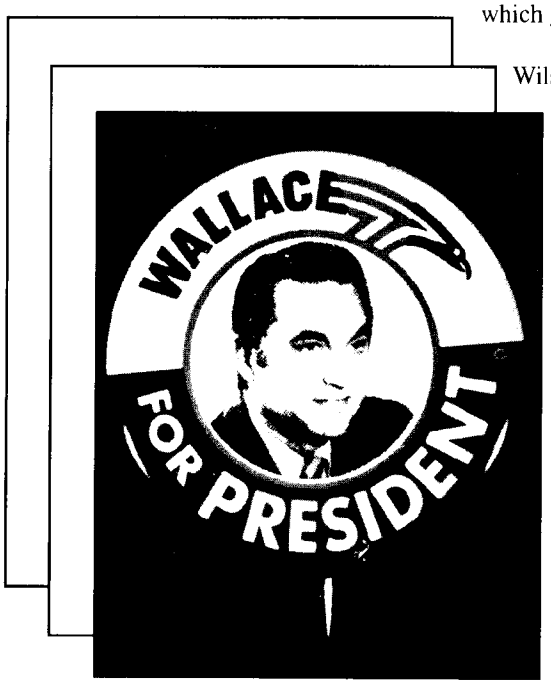
"Davidson, Donald"; Carl M. Logue on "Oratory"; M. E. Bradford on "Weaver, Richard"; George M. Lubick on "Jeffersonian Tradition"; Monroe Billington on "Zion, South as"; Grady McWhiney and Forrest McDonald on "Scotch-Irish"; illustrate the high substantive and artistic standards attained in many of the articles.

Some of the articles do less well in tapping the richness of their subject matter, such as Paul Crellin's incffectual effort to discuss the cultural significance of the rural medical practitioner. Crellin, like some of the other contributors, commits the *faux pas* of confusing the vocation of physician with the educational status of doctor. Some feint is made in the direction of discussing the cultural significance of church architecture, but any meaningful exploration is preempted by trivia such as buildings and chapels designed by famous architects. It's not that "Baptists, Southern," a tightly drafted entry by Bill J. Leonard of exactly the same length as an adjoining item on "Snake Handlers," distinguishes itself by ineptness or inaccuracy, but it is pulled from the vine unripened and undeveloped considering the ubiquitous influence and metastasized presence of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Nor is it that John E. Di Maglio's "Baseball" is an effete failure, but that the topic is so pregnant with potential as to the *cultural* meaning that only an extraordinary effort rather than just a good aperitif will do. The significance of baseball as a cultural expression, particularly professional baseball, lies in the continuity of Southern minor league teams, places, and happenings that branded together so many cities of the South in numerous minor leagues of long lived continuity in the first half of the twentieth century.

Tom Rankin writes on "Basketball," at least collegiate style, with verve, even to the point of giving an "Uncle Ed" Dittle anecdote (42 years coach at Western Kentucky) but not the one in which Dittle described a player who could shoot with either hand as "amphibious." And, if we must have an entry on "Football" please tell of Coach Tommy Thomas of the Crimson Tide and the team (University of Alabama) that participated in more Rose Bowl games than any other nonhost team in the first half of the twentieth century.

While it must be recognized that the *Encyclopedia* has considerable merit as presenter and interpreter of the contours of Southern cultural content, pratique cannot be extended indiscriminately. Cultural content is not only the product of history, but it is also a producer of history if for no other reason than that ideas have consequences, as Richard Weaver so aptly put it in a book of like title. Human history is to a large degree the outworking , the denouement and consequence, of the mentalité of a people. Cultural literacy, the content of shared value, memory and symbol by which order is made of experience, is itself a product, including the product or consequence of the praxis of the scholar's craft. Thus, we are justified if not obliged to ask diacritically what the editors are about. Such praxeological awareness, such drinking with our eyes on the horizon before gulping too indulgently, takes on an even more crucial dimension if what they have done is likely to give the content a nudge in direction. Far more important than the hoopla attending the *Encyclopedia's* publication is the extent to which it itself will have a residue effect on *ideas recues* long after the yellow church fans advertising the *Encyclopedia* have been lost.



George Wallace for President Button, 1968

Ferris has been quoted as saying that this heavyweight flagship offering of the Center "will transform the way people think about the South. Your view will be changed." The editors *are* scholars. I, observing them autographing their magnum opus in the restrained gallimaufry of Hal and Mal's oyster bar, and chatting briefly with Dr. Wilson as he intermittently tuned in to my questions while simultaneously paying full attention to the signature seekers, am also convinced they *are* authentic admirable gentlemen. But they, even as we all, are positioned. They too are gentlemen of a camp, and one's camp embodies a set of value presuppositions which get inside the persona.

Such ships of the line as Ferris and Wilson have launched do not just have free passage through evolving historical and cultural moments. Rather, they embody evaluations in the very descriptions they give. They embody a perspective, a tone, a certifying influence that can have a strong imprimatur affect on the memory shelves of cultural literacy.

They help certify a web of thought; factor into the development of implicit conventions; help establish parameters of what is repectably acceptable in public discourse. Accordingly, we need to ask where the guns of this warship, stripped of its review regalia, are turned. Against what, abstract or material, are its broadsides firing?

Perhaps we are given a minatory hint by Alex Haley's exordium that the *Encyclopedia* "mirrors the very best of what has come to be called 'the New South'," and also by the *demarche* positing of Southern culture as a "shared culture" to which blacks have made other than peripheral and incidental contribution. The editors seem motivated to coadunate black history as an aspect of Southern culture. That propositional guide to editorial maneuvering prompts the encyclopedists to use the cognomen "southern" when describing black culture and "white" when describing Southern culture. The *Encyclopedia*, by expressed intent, "claims for southern culture individuals ... who traditionally have been seen as part of black history but not southern culture," while simultaneously presenting a "separate Black life section intended to recognize the special nature of southern black culture." The editors advise that "the *Encyclopedia's* attempt to explore this perspective may be the most significant contribution of the volume toward understand-

ing the region."

It is interesting to note that their reportage of black input to the Southern cultural amalgam is carefully selective. In an effort to come up with some positive contributions, John Vlach ("African Influences") claims the banjo and expressions like "boogie, goober, and cooter." Somewhat ironically, William Ferris uses fifteen paragraphs to discuss voodoo cults without mentioning the term "black" once in reference to ethnic category except to claim that African originated and Caribbean promulgated voodoo "has affected the lives of white and black southerners in many ways."

Before anyone supposes black individuals have not made *positive* contributions to Southern culture as well as to ethnic culture, one need only consider the greatness of men like Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver, or consider the magnitude of the contributions to contemporary society by men like Dr. Thomas Sowell or E. V. Hill. The legacy of such men transcends ethnic boundaries. Nevertheless, to the claim of a "shared culture," this reviewer enters a caveat. Shared space does not necessarily translate into a shared culture. Shared space certainly has mutually influencing consequences, but it is probably more accurate to recognize that the South has been inhabited by two primary races with separate cultures without anything remotely approaching bilateral acculturation.

However, black presence has doubtless had a major impact on Southern culture, particularly in terms of folkways, mores, and institutional patterns whereby Southerners have attempted to defend themselves from that presence. Such defensive and protective efforts may have become interwoven with the supposed monomania of a Ben Tillman or Tom Watson, or the posturing against the wind by a Marvin Griffin or Ross Barnett. With sufficient time to permit detachment from Gunnar Myrdal orthodoxy without questioning causing the inquirer to be branded with an incriminating mark, the revisionist may find that he is not necessarily compelled to look so harshly on the motivations and strategies by which the Southern populace attempted to maintain protective barriers on their zone of cultural autonomy.

Motif of a "shared culture" notwithstanding, the articles themselves do more to establish differences than document acculturation. Vlach ("Aesthetic, Afro-American") describes the absence of form and pattern in black art (which Southerners find bemusing if not disgusting) as an "aesthetic of freewheeling improvisation and innovation...which seems to consist not simply of the rules for creativity but also of the rules for living." Simon Bronner ("Aesthetic, Anglo-American") notes the Anglo-Celtic heritage respects order, proportion and balance drawn from a set of coherent principles.

...we need to ask where the guns of this warship, stripped of its review regalia, are turned. Against what, abstract or material, are its broadsides firing?

Rosalyn Penn ("Matriarchy, Myth of") attributes the diseugenic behavior in black society to "racism and sexism." By her obfuscated standards, the society of unwed mothers and half-sibling households prominent in matriarchal arrangements is transformed into positive selectivity: "Self-reliance and willingness to assume family responsibilities are values learned by black females early." However, when that "willingness" is purchased by W.I.N., W.I.C., and A.D.C., eleemosynary housing, school lunches, and food stamps (and when child motherhood is an option that is increasingly cashed in by junior high age learners) both the "values" and the learning are questionable.

Patronization of blacks bleeds through page after page. The posturing is so extensive that Wilson gratuitously informs readers in "Confederate Memorial Day" that "black southerners were not prominently involved in the day's events." This posturing is served up with such academic pervasiveness that it itself becomes a doctrinal advocacy which seems to circumscribe a new civil religion that requires obeisance to its tenets with litmus felicity.

Confraternal respectability seems to impose creedal claim that all ills are due to racism (or the phenomenology from which it, along with "sexism" and lack of enchantment with "gays," is derived); racism always is unilateral (by definition, only white Christians can be "bigots"); actions, appeals, statements or efforts to mobilize popular support by appeal to race are legitimate if practiced by blacks, but are verboten to whites; ill omens of Negro behavioral style or invasion should be ignored; ill consequences should be borne by white hoi polloi with stoic obliviousness to source and cause; those liberal whites who can fortuitously shield themselves from the consequences are morally entitled to subject less fortunate "bigots" to a social accounting whereby an inferiorly behaving class is morally instructed by the flagellation of a superior one; cultural, behavioral, and moral incompetence as a marketable commodity and survival skill (a trait which is disproportionately accessed by blacks in a welfare culture) is anathema and ignorant except to the extent it is regarded as a consequence of "racism" and "sexism"; and since segregation per se always involves some kind of evil, and integration some kind of good, all moral and political questions past or present are rightfully resolved within that penumbra.

According to the revised standard version of the new mythology, there can be no recognition that the now sacrosanct "civil rights" movement of the 1950s-1960s generated, required, manipulated and strategically inspired violence. James Sessions ("Civil Rights and Religion") tells absolutely nothing about the Biblical basis for the Anglican concept of liberty and civil rights and its impact on cultural form. We are told of "courageous individuals" —Myles Horton, James Dombrowski and similar ilk who comprised the Kings, queens and fairies of the Negro Revolution. This noble breed is contrasted to the zymotic influence of the conservative white church which "was the ideological linchpin of racism and segregation" and "formed the institutional base for

Squatter's son with a new guitar, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, 1935.

evading public school desegregation" by founding private 'Christian academies' and for promoting reactionary policies through the electronic church and the New Christian Right..."

The purposive use of language for effect on mood and perception reveals an aspect of the book's personality of which illustrative examples abound. Authors tend to place terms like "profamily" in quotation marks; but terms like "nonviolence" when applied to civil rights agitators stand on their own unembellished. We learn from the *Encyclopedia* that anti-communism is "hysteria." The Highlander Folk School, which appears ubiquitously in redemptive context, is not mentioned in the "Communism" entry. Owen ("Protestantism") labels it "ironic" that "during the periods of slavery and legal segregation, southerners were in the forefront of those celebrating America's Christian identity..." J. Wayne Flint ("Poor Whites") uses the device "many Americans believe" to assert that Jerry Falwell is representative of and/or draws his constituency from "Jeeter Lesters, degenerates and racists, shiftless wanderers, wife-beaters, drunks and ne'er-do-wells." Carol Berkin ("Women's Life") makes the observation that "extremist organizations such as the Ku Klux Klan, John Birch Society, and the National States' Rights Party campaign against the E.R.A." Maybe she thinks these *are* three of a kind. Either way, the statement is more instructive about Carol's scholarship than it is about the nature of anti-E.R.A. stalwarts. We learn from Betty Brandon ("Politics, Women in") that the South sanctions "sexual politics" (shades of John Genevese and Wilbur Mills?). Robert Haws ("Supreme Court") trots out the old misology that Chief Justice Taney held in *Dred Scott* (1857) that "Scott had no rights under the Constitution."

In the lexicon of Leviathan's predictable servants, all roads worth traveling lead to the coerced goodness of the Righteous State, and its servants take on significance in the ambience of the quest. The editors appropriately deflect inevitable criticism for failure to include someone's essential entry by stating they strived for representative types, but the *Encyclopedia* is weighted so heavily in favor of liberal activists in politics and organizational activity and in its treatment of associational groups that it has a noticeable leeward list. Some outstanding conservative figures like Richard Russell and Sam Ervin are included, but there are many more nondescript entries of liberal influence than there are representatives of conservative or traditional Southern views. The threshold of significance required for inclusion is noticeably lower for civil rights activist jurists, lawyers, politicians and writers. One wonders, reading the entries on jurists like Frank Johnson and John Minor Wisdom, if the South ever produced a federal judge who dould be trusted with the Constitution. Political hacks like Frank Smith, Brooks Hays, or Jamie Whitten are featured, but no archetype of a Larry McDonald or John Rarick is presented. The latter simply had the wrong views and represented the wrong organizational interests to merit consideration.

Who is susceptible to open season and who is factitiously dulcified is a distinction that the *Encyclopedia* maintains with plumbline rigidity. It is "rednecks" who have revolting characteristics, who sometimes smell bad, and whose women have ridiculous names like "Lawanda Kay" and "Pegg Jo". However, in the very next article, Wilson tells us that the surely innocent Sambo was a "stereotype that attacks black men by making them objects of laughter." And, no, Virginia, it is not Jesse Helms who is presented as a "deeply religious man [who] worked diligently for human betterment..." That's Frank Graham. No, it's not Strom Thurmond whose worldview "goes beyond the parochial." That's Cordell Hull. Thurmond comes across as a "segregationist with a penchant for young women." (Of course none of the eulogizing references to Dr. Martin Luther King gives any play to his recreational indiscretions.)

The Encyclopedia of Southern Culture is without question a major achievement in concept and in accomplishment. Navigators in its suzerain need to be aware of "flotsam ahead", travelers in its appanage need to be alert to warnings of "gardyloo!", for some authors surely would douse them. But, irrespective of whether the authors did it exactly right, they did it, and they did it with distinct merit. Even so, what they have done is indicative. It definitely is not definitive. We have heard from the Wilbur Couch camp. Now let us hear from the Richard Weaver side of the embattlements. It is a fateful time, but even so it is again still not yet two o'clock on that July afternoon, "the guns are laid ready in the woods ...and it's all in the balance..." ✪

Tommy W. Rogers, former member of the sociology faculty of Northwestern State University of Louisiana and Georgia Southern College, is an exile in Jackson, Mississippi, where he is disguised as an attorney in a bureaucracy.

ROD GRAGG

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

STONEWALL JACKSON: PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER.

By John Bowers.
367 pp. William Morrow. $19.95.

What a disappointment.

Author John Bowers' profile of Stonewall Jackson is touted by the publisher as a fresh look at Jackson—a "fully rounded portrait of the military genius studied by both Rommel and Patton in World War II" —rendered by "a Southerner whose grand-father and great-uncles fought on opposing sides in Tennessee during the Civil War." And indeed it is a captivating biography, wrought in a skillful narrative which depicts Stonewall in a fresh but respectful study. Unfortunately, *Portrait of a Soldier* has a fatal flaw:

Author Bowers invented some of it.

He admits it in the book's prologue. "Some speech comes from history," he writes, "at other times, in attempting to get at the heart of an individual or circumstance, I have imagined how some of these people might have spoken. For instance, history books tell us that soldiers swore—in the case of John Harmon, Jackson's quartermaster, spectacularly— and yet the history books do not give examples. I have taken a leap forward, with no one's permission, and imagined how it might have sounded—and in this respect, the book is fiction."

There it is: Mr. Bowers' work is part fact, part fiction and the reader is left to sort out truth from imagination. The book may be a well-crafted, fascinating portrait —and in fact it is just that—but it is unreliable as history and should not be promoted by the publisher as such. True, at least the author admits to creating fiction amid the facts, but such a prologue confession is lost to most readers. It's true too that this is the age of the "docudrama," in which fact and fiction are often intertwined for the sake of popular drama. But that's precisely the problem:

Americans already have an oversimplified, colorful-but-shoddy view of history—thanks to television, motion pictures and a generation of "historians" who have done what Mr. Bowers has done without the courtesy of admitting it.

The author would have been wiser to have written an historical novel; better yet would have been a portrait minus the fiction. Too bad. It's a gracefully rendered profile of Jackson, although apparently drawn entirely from secondary sources, and it could have been a welcome addition to the Jackson literature. As is, who knows what is truth and what is imaginary in this new biography? Most puzzling is the unanswered question: When profiling a character as remarkable as Stonewall Jackson, why was it necessary to invent anything?

SOLDIERS BLUE AND GRAY.

By James I. Robertson, Jr.
278 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $24.95.

The history of The War needs no embellishment—this new study is excellent proof of that. VPI Professor James Robertson, an award-winning authority on Johnny Reb and Billy Yank, has produced a superb new profile of the common soldier of The War. Robertson learned his trade in great part from a master, the late Bell I. Wiley, who authored two classic and unprecedented studies of the common soldier, *The Life of Johnny Reb* and *The Life of Billy Yank*. Robertson offers his new work as a supplement to Wiley's classics, a one-volume survey drawing from sources unavailable when the Wiley books were researched. Robertson is careful to note that his book is not meant as a replacement for his mentor's classics. Good point. Who could replace Bell Wiley? Still, *Soldiers Blue and Gray* is more than just a supplement—it is a first-rate social history that stands on its on.

Robertson surveys the common denominators experienced by Southern and Northern troops: recruitment, training, combat experience, attitudes, prison life, discipline and death. Especially well done is the chapter on religion, and the entire study exhibits balance and deep professional knowledge of the subject. Bell Wiley would have loved this book.

IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER: THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA.

By William D. Matter.
455 pp. University of North Carolina Press. $29.95.

This is probably the definitive study of the Battle of Spotsylvania. Author William D. Matter, a retired USAF pilot-turned-historian, has produced a scholarly, readable and authoritative study of one of the war's bloodiest contests. The book is thoroughly researched and is also well written. It should satisfy even the most demanding student of The War—especially in its account of the terrible fighting at Bloody Angle. Consider this sample description:

"The trees behind the Confederate position were struck constantly by the Federal fire and were to bear the scars of this battle as long as the stood. Sometime between midnight and 2:00 A.M. the large oak tree east of the west angle crashed to the ground. It had been cut in two by Federal musket balls."

FIELDS OF GLORY: A HISTORY AND TOUR GUIDE OF THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

By Jim Miles.
190 pp. Rutledge Hill Press. $12.95 in oversize trade paper.

Historian Jim Miles does an equally impressive job with a tour guide and history of the Atlanta Campaign. From Ringgold to downtown Atlanta to Jonesboro, Miles tells the reader how to find the battlefields (what's left of them) and what happened there during the Atlanta Campaign. The book has an easy to read format, contains a lot of rich detail, and is appropriately illustrated with modern and period photography and art. Such a guide should be available for every major battlefield. Maybe publisher Rutledge Hill, which is making a major and pleasant contribution to the historiography of The War, will follow Mr. Miles' work with another guide. Atlanta was a good first choice: Forget about New Hope Church, many Atlantans today need help just finding the Cyclorama. ✪

BOOK NOTES

Collected Letters of John Randolph of Roanoke to Dr. John Brockenbrough, 1812-1833.

Edited by Kenneth Shorey. Foreword by Russell Kirk. New Brunswick, N.J.: Transaction Books, 1988.

No man alive has done more to publicize the life and thought of John Randolph of Roanoke than Russell Kirk. To initiate Transaction Books' Library of Conservative Thought, series editor Kirk has brought forward the publication of the annotated extant correspondence between Randolph and Dr. John Brockenbrough, of Richmond. Edited by Kenneth Shorey, the *Collected Letters of John Randolph of Roanoke to Dr. John Brockenbrough, 1812-1833.* will become an indispensable tool for anyone interested in that crucial era of American history.

Kirk's own *John Randolph of Roanoke* (1st edition, 1951; 3rd edition, Indianapolis, 1978) continues to be the only full-length modern biography of Randolph currently in print. That volume is a good beginning for those interested in the career of a man Kirk has called "the most singular great man in the history of the Congress of the United States."

Kenneth Shorey's careful editing of the Brockenbrough letters reveals a Randolph both at his most intimate and most expansive. These letters are particularly valuable, for during his lifetime Randolph had few close friends with whom he corresponded. To Brockenbrough he wrote in 1821, "with the exception of my old friend, Mr. [Nathaniel] Macon, you are the only person with whom I hold any intercourse, except of that heartless sort which prevails in what is called the world."

By 1812, when this correspondence commences, Randolph and other Southern republicans had already formed the beginnings of a states' rights opposition to expanded central government. Composed mostly of North Carolina and Virginia Congressmen, the "Tertium Quids," as they were called, opposed attempts, whether by the Executive or by Congress, to extend federal power at the expense of the states. In 1812 and later in the debates over the Missouri Compromise, such opinions were considered by most Americans "the fearful prattle of Cassandras." But by the time of Randolph's death, in 1833, the vision of these "old republicans" had come to be accepted by an increasing number of Southerners.

Randolph was, by far, the most brilliant and most eclectic of the old republicans. With former Speaker of the House of Representatives Nathaniel Macon he would wage a vigorous fight for the principles "received from the Founders, and through them, from the Ancient Constitution of England."

Picture the image of Randolph presented to his contemporaries. According to an observer, Randolph, physically almost emaciated, would enter the chambers of Congress "wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding-whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone, 'Tims, more porter!' and the assistant doorkeeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks." There was no finer or more learned orator in the history of the United States. And, although in a minority most of his life, his opinions would find fertile ground in later generations.

Randolph's correspondence with Brockenbrough furnishes us with his piquant portraits of various national political leaders, his impressions gathered while travelling in Europe and as Minister to Russia, and some acute observations on the major issues then confronting the American republic.

There is no better context in which to observe Randolph's clairvoyance and clarity of thought than the debates over the admission of Missouri to the Union. In an era when Americans, both North and South, tried to minimize differences of principle, Randolph reveled in them. Personally uncomfortable with the "peculiar institution," he nevertheless defended the right of the states to maintain it. At the very time he penned his will, in which he granted freedom to his own slaves and provided for their comfort, he staked out a position of no compromise on the Missouri question. "I am persuaded," he wrote to Brockenbrough in 1820, "that the cause of humanity to these unfortunates [slaves], has been put back a century — certainly a generation — by the unprincipled conduct of ambitious men, availing themselves of a good as well as of a fanatical spirit, in the nation." Ominously, he declared: "These Yankees have almost reconciled me to Negro slavery. They have produced a revulsion even in my own mind, what then must the effect be on those who had no scruples on the subject."

Towards the end of his life Randolph had become convinced that the federal government was no friend of the South. "The operation of this present government," he wrote in 1829, "like a debt at usurious interest, must destroy the whole South. It eats like a canker into our very core." The nullification crisis and fanatical abolitionism would soon propel Calhoun and other former Southern "nationalists" into the states' rights camp. Randolph's arguments were victorious, but it was not the kind of victory he had wished.

"My good friend," he wrote to Brockenbrough in 1827, "I have long been of the opinion, that we are fast sinking into a state of society the most loathsome that can be presented to the imagination of honorable man. Things, bad as they are, have not yet reached the lowest deep." Randolph believed that only respect for the Constitution and the rights of the states and of property could prevent inevitable conflict and desolation. And that was not to be.

Collected Letters is a handsome, well-edited volume, complete with informative notes and bibliography. Kenneth Shorey is to be commended for this important contribution to our knowledge of John Randolph and his age. And Russell Kirk and Transaction Books deserve our profound gratitude for inaugurating the Library of Conservative Thought with such a fascinating and significant offering.

—Boyd Cathey

The War of the Cottontails Memoirs of a Bomber Pilot.

By William R. Cubbins. 267 pp. Algonquin Books. $17.95

In 1944, William R. Cubbins was a 20-year-old Tennessee schoolboy-turned-bomber-pilot sent off to do battle in the world's greatest conflict. His Southern ancestors would have been pleased with him — like generations of Southern sons before him, he rose to the challenge with spirit and valor. Imagine any 20-year-old you know turned loose at the controls of a four-engine heavy bomber with orders to fly unescorted across the Atlantic to Italy. Cubbins did it, joined the U.S. 15th Air Force as a replacement, then began a series of bombing missions that were perhaps the most dangerous of World War II. His principal target: Rumania's heavily defended Ploiesti oil fields. Cubbins survived against incredible odds, was shot down twice, and eventually ended the war in an enemy P.O.W. camp. His is an incredible story — the terror of aerial combat, the boredom of waiting for those deadly missions, the challenges of imprisonment, and the gut-wrenching moments when the enemy flak is tearing through the fuselage or the disabled bomber is spinning earthward in flames. *The War of the Cottontails* is well written and contains vivid first-person accounts of combat in the skies. When it was all over, Cubbins went home to Memphis — and Bedford Forrest would have been proud.

—Rod Gragg

This Stubborn Soil.

By William Owens. 307 pp. Vintage Books. $7.95 in trade paper.

William Owens was born in East Texas in 1905, a time of deep poverty for much of the South, which still had not recovered from the devastation of The War, even though almost a half century had passed since Appomattox. Owens grew up in Pin Hook, Texas, struggling with the soil in a harsh and hardscrabble life. *This Stubborn Soil* is his autobiography — a classic account of the underside of life in the South in the first half of this century — and is now reprinted in paperback for the first time.

Filled with memorable events and rich details of a bygone era, a hard time, a harsh time — a time when a poor white kid's desire was simply to go to school. And yet, despite the awful poverty and despair of places like Pin Hook, in the 1920s there was a certain self-reliance that was later eroded by dependence on the government-as-provider with the dawn of the American welfare state. For 307 pages, William Owens recounts the determined battle to pull himself out of the depressing cycle of "dirt farmer" poverty — with a single goal ahead: to go to school. His autobiographical saga reveals a boy-turning-into-man who is admittedly human and fallen, and yet was, amid the poverty, raised with the Judeo-Christian values of Western Civilization in general and the South in particular. And those are the values that led him from the mire — not money-in -the-mail or a sense that the government owes him something — but determination, honesty, candor, and a willingness to work and suffer to earn what is needed. This Stubborn Soil is sometimes painful reading, but it is a richly rewarding story with a message vital to our age.

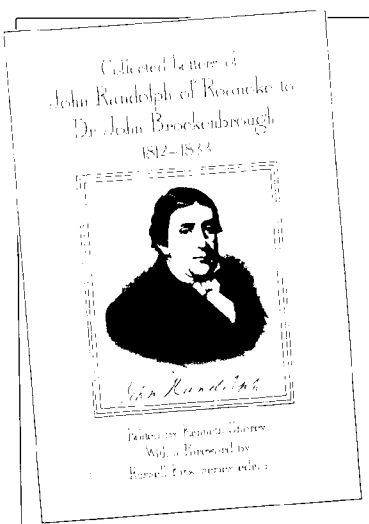
—RG

Battlefields of the Civil War.

By Roger W. Hicks and Frances E. Schultz. 239 pp. Salem House Publishers. $27.50.

Here's the latest tour guide to the major battlefields — and it's surprisingly impressive. True, it's not the exhaustive survey of the kind done by Alice Cromie in *A Tour Guide to the Civil War*— which lists the great and the obscure sites of the conflict — but neither is it just a collection of handsome photographs with dull, adolescent observations about "the high watermark of the Confederacy." It does indeed have handsome photographs, mixed with a lot of period art, and it also boasts an attractive layout, but the surprise is a fresh, interesting narrative. True, it only surveys the authors' idea of the major battles — and your favorite may have been lift out — but the balance and independent analysis are surprising for a book of this type. For example, most "tour guides" don't offer this kind of observation: "Slavery was not a moral issue to the politicians on either side: it was a practical issue....It is important to remember that at the time of the War, almost everyone (including the most fervent abolitionist) was racist, indeed, extremely so seen through modern eyes. Lincoln himself said to black leaders, 'But even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race...not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours.'"

✪ *—RG*



"The letters are charming, eloquent, moved by a sincere religious conviction, and a window to a world that is no more. . . . an appreciation that is long overdue."

–Angus MacDonald
THE ST. CROIX REVIEW

"The choice of Randolph to open–perhaps the word is ignite – the series is excellent strategy. Like Buckley, where he fails to persuade he always dazzles; he is compellingly memorable, and memory is, as someone has said, the first step to understanding."

–Paul T. Hornak
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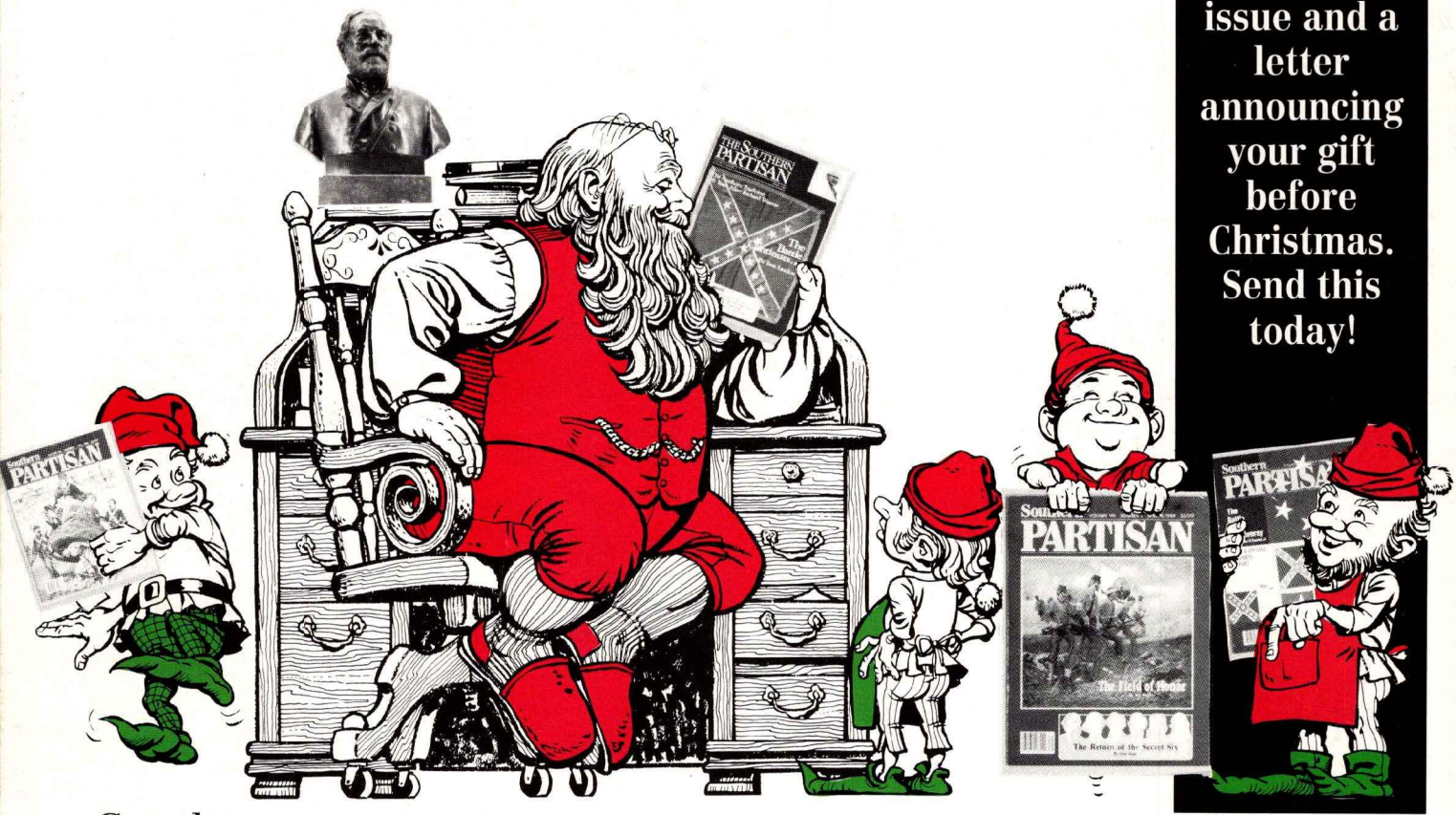

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